

UP YOUR NOSE

WITH A RUBBER HOSE P. 11

WELCOME BACK BITCHES

IT COULD BE LOVE P. 6

LIVE: BUMBERSHOOT

MMM... FUNNEL CAKES P. 12



The Other Press

TAKIN' IT DOWN TO PARADISE CITY SINCE 1976

Issue 1 Vol 32 September 18, 2005

No Seriously,
I've already got this
much homework!



WELCOME BACK!

The Other Press
Published since 1976

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The Other Press is Douglas College's
autonomous student newspaper.

The Other Press is run by a collective and
is published weekly during the fall and
winter semesters, and monthly (as a
magazine) during the summer.

We receive our funding from a student
levy collected every semester at registra-
tion, and from local and national advertis-
ing revenue. The Other Press is a mem-
ber of the Canadian University Press
(CUP), a cooperative of student newspa-
pers from across Canada. We adhere to
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and Code of Ethics—except when it suits
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MAILBAG

The following letter has not been edited in any way. Ms Lambert has a right to light up Mr. Reeve, and she has a right to do it in her own words.

Dear editor,

As I read A&E Editor Iain Reeve's Go To Hell Harry Potter (August), I had to agree with his friends: Don't bitch about Potter's popularity if you haven't read a single Potter book.

While Mr. Reeves agrees he shouldn't "[criticize] the content of the stories in any way, shape or form," he claims, "What I am criticizing is the popularity [Harry Potter] has garnered while providing nothing much in the way of original or compelling content."

Sounds to me like Mr. Reeves is criticizing the content for being neither original nor compelling.

I must admit, I too once questioned the popularity of the Harry Potter books, amid much eye rolling. I didn't need to buy into any hype, thank-you very much. Then I took Children's Lit, and guess what was on the reading list.

And let me tell you, Mr. Reeves, those books provide much in the way of original and compelling content, and that is what their success hinges upon. Kids aren't suckers, and in this day and age, an unoriginal, predictable story would be no competition for the video games they play. Yet here we are, volume number six, and 672 pages long. The fifth one was 766.

In the end, I don't care if Mr. Reeves reads Harry Potter, but for Pete's sake, he shouldn't be criticizing a book's popularity if he hasn't taken the time to read that book and see whether or not its popularity is deserved.

Respectfully,

Lynn Lambert
Reformed Potter Critic

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

The weekly deadline for submissions is Wednesday for publication the following Wednesday. Letters to the Editor, vacant sections, and "time-sensitive" articles (weekend news, sports, and cultural reviews) will be accepted until Saturday noon and can be submitted to the editor at: othereditor@yahoo.ca

All other submissions should be forwarded to the appropriate section editor. Please include your name, phone number/email address, and word count, and submit via email as an MS Word.doc attachment to the attention of the appropriate editor.

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Okay, lean in close because I'm whispering this first part. They're letting me be the Managing Editor of this here newspaper. I know, it's crazy. I don't think they

know about my drug-addled past or preference for, how shall I say it, some of life's more exotic pleasures. You're right, what they don't know won't hurt them....

Uhhh, ooooo-kay. Now that we've got that bit of nastiness out of the way, welcome to a whole new year at Douglas College. By the way, I'm not whispering anymore.

The thing about new beginnings is that they, by definition, denote that something has ended, or at least changed. Summer ends, fall begins. You graduate high school, you start college—or at least you start sleeping until noon and telling your parents, "School? Oh, yeah...school's fine." Around here at the Other Press, change has been swirling around like former-editor and new columnist Amanda Aikman after 13 shots of Cuervo.

We would like to begin this school year by bidding a fond farewell to Barb Adamski, Ivan Reygadas, Darren Paterson, Simon Hatton, and, of course, former editor Amanda Aikman. The paper will miss your contributions, each and every one of you. Parting is such sweet sorrow, yadda yadda yadda, don't let the door hit your ass on the way out...hehehe. Seriously, we'll miss you guys.

But, with every end comes a new beginning. Therefore, we'd like to introduce the new, improved, ultra-super-awesome-sweet OP team: Nicole Burton, intrepid News Editor and purveyor of fine fair-trade silks; Brandon Ferguson, Opinions Editor and whiskey-soaked uber-villain; Iain Reeve, well, Iain's really nice;

and Kevin Welsh, Features Editor, guru to the enlightened, and Mochachino expert. Also joining the crew are Dance Dance Revolution world champion, Trevor Hargreaves, and former Ol' Dirty Bastard Fan Club President, Millie Strom. My name is Colin.

Enough about us, let's talk about you, or more specifically, what you can read about in the fine publication you now hold in your hands, which is actually still talking about us, but I digress. Just like that crack dealer outside the New West Skytrain station, we got what you need.

From testicular cancer tips to the latest dirt on those funny bracelets that are all the rage these days, check out Nicole Burton's News section. If you're feeling stressed and need some yuks, read *Welcome Back Bitches* by new Opinions Editor Brandon Ferguson. Iain Reeve's got the 411 on all things Gilliam in A&E, and Features features Kevin Welsh's *Welcome Back, Kotter* update. Don't forget to peep the last page, where Amanda Aikman's Last Call advice column launches. Make sure to e-mail her with all your problems, because free advice, like all things "free," totally rules.

School just started, so chances are you're not really that far behind yet. So kick back, grab a beverage, and keep reading. There'll be plenty of time for homework later.

Welcome back.
—Colin Miley, Managing Editor

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Pay Up! Uh, We Mean...Welcome Back

Canadian national budget makes education the last priority

Nicole Burton, News Editor

As students in Canada return for classes this year, the "Welcome Back" parties and orientations are being overshadowed by a greater issue on the horizon. For the past ten years, tuition has risen dramatically across Canada, especially in BC since the lifting of the 2002 tuition freeze. And with the release of Canada's National Budget for 2005-2006, many students already swallowed in debt are questioning their ability to manage or even to continue with their education.

On June 22, Finance Minister Ralph Goodale delivered the 2005 National Budget. Some tasty highlights of interest to every student in Canada include a doubling of the military budget over the next five years to total more than \$25 billion, the biggest increase in military spending in 20 years. An additional \$3 billion will go to beef up Canadian military forces by 5,000 soldiers and 3,000 reserves. According to Statistics Canada, it would only take \$12.8 billion to provide every undergraduate in Canada with a paid education. Nonetheless, education (and healthcare and funding for social services, for that matter) are noticeably missing.

"We're moving more towards a system where lawyers' kids become lawyers and doctors' kids become doctors and the rest of students will be left out," said a representative of the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS) in a recent statement to the federal government.

Ottawa has cut almost \$4 billion from its transfer payments to the provinces to fund post-secondary education only in the last ten years. "As a direct result," the CFS rep continued, "average tuition fees for post-secondary education have doubled and student debt has tripled."

Combine that with recent legislation that blocks any student or former student from filing bankruptcy if he or she has a student loan—unless their loan is over ten years old—and you have a formula for financial ruin. Maybe the lawmakers in Ottawa should realize that students are the population in Canada with the fastest-growing debt.

For Douglas College, where its 12,000 students face the astronomical tuition increase of 93 percent, this is proving to be a major block for education. In a recent

meeting between student representatives and Mike Savage, Liberal MP—Dartmouth—Cole Harbour and Chair of the Liberal Post-Secondary Caucus, Heidi Taylor of the Douglas Students Union outlined the primary issues affecting students at Douglas. According to Taylor, tuition increases have led to more students working and attending school part-time, resulting in longer periods to complete their studies. Many Douglas College students may have simply drop out due to lack of funds.

Since the lifting of the tuition freeze in BC in 2002, the provincial liberals have sent tuition fees up an average of 200 percent across the province. Last year alone (2004) saw BC students get an average rise of 15.6 percent, and the average student paid \$4,735 per year to go to school. And that's just too much.



Broke again?
What are you, an Other Press employee?

Tuition Increases for BC Colleges & Universities 2001-2005

Douglas College **+93%**

University of Victoria **+100%**

Vancouver Community College **+93-500%***

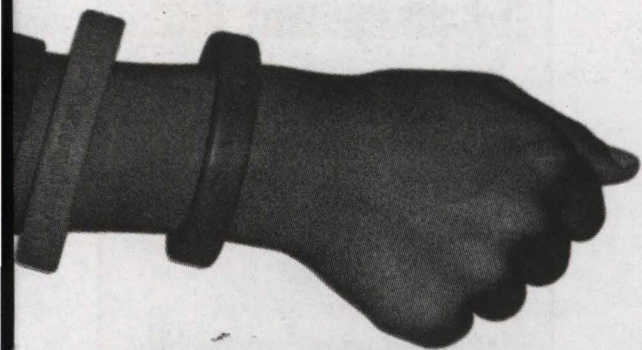
Simon Fraser University (SFU) **+100%**

Malaspina University College **+200%**

North Island College **+200%**

*Specific increase depends on program

Source: Reports from student representatives in Roundtable meeting with Mike Savage, Chair of Liberal Post-Secondary Caucus
July 26, 2005—Vancouver Community College



Charity Wristbands Made in Sweatshops: Bitter irony for Oxfam and other charities

Iain Reeve, OP Contributor

It was revealed early in the summer that popular charity wristbands sold at www.makepoverty-history.com, a coalition of various charities advocating the end of extreme poverty, were produced in sweatshop conditions in factories located in China.

Among the conditions being investigated by ethics commissions are wages falling below the Chinese minimum wage of 2.39 Yuen per hour, unpaid overtime, lack of fire exits, and denial of days off. Oxfam, for its part, never sold bands bought from one factory after word of such conditions arose and sold those purchased from another factory only after concerns were reportedly addressed. The point remains, however, that many

wristbands advocating an end to poverty were sold to people after being created in the very conditions they claim to protest.

The charities have taken what has been called a "positive engagement policy," working with factories to improve conditions. This policy has been taken due to fears that angered withdrawal from the factories would just lead them to take their poor conditions to another customer. Still, many beg the question: why were such wristbands not created in factories paying higher than minimum wages, or even produced in factories in the west? Either way many charities must now wear egg on their face while they continue to press forward with the Make Poverty History campaign.



Testicular Cancer

A game of pocket pool that could save your life

Josie Padro, OP Contributor

September is Prostate Cancer Awareness Month. It's also good time to think about testicular cancer. So far, there is no strongly established cause of testicular cancer, but it is most common in men between the ages of 15 and 34, and is five times more common in Caucasian males.

Since testicular cancer is almost 100 percent curable if it is found early, the best defense is a good offense—a monthly testicular self-examination. If you find any of the following, see your doctor right away:

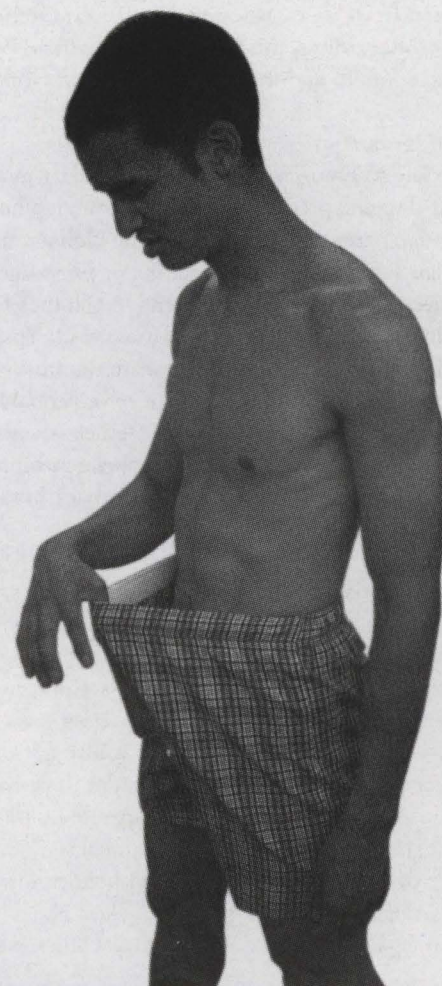
- A hard and painless lump in a testicle
- Pain, dull ache, of a feeling of heaviness in the scrotum
- Swelling of the scrotum
- Bigger or tender breasts

Despite the positive prognosis, men often wait too long before consulting their doctor. The average time between symptom discovery and actually going for medical help is 14 weeks. As a result, about half of those who go for help are already at an advance stage of the disease.

So, if you are a male between the ages 15 and 34, testicular cancer might not be the topic you most want to talk about, but it is worth thinking about. A simple monthly check might be real lifesaver.

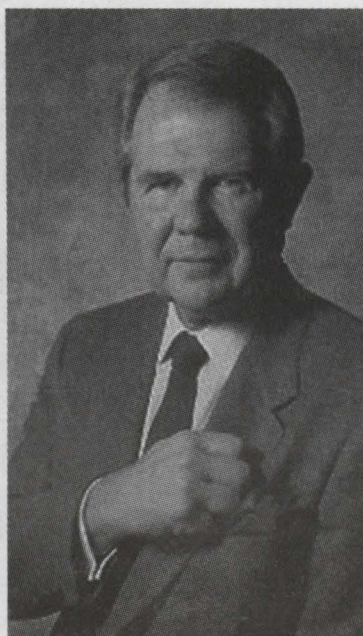
For more information about how to perform a testicular self-examination, go to www.bcchealthguide.org.

Enter your BC postal code to access the site, and then refer to the alphabetical list of topics.



Pat Robertson Calls for Assassination of Venezuelan President Chavez

Nicole Burton, News Editor



Right-wing US broadcaster Pat Robertson called for the assassination of the democratically elected president of Venezuela on Tuesday, August 23. In a statement that put millions around the world in an uproar, Robertson stated that Venezuela was becoming a "launching pad for communist influence and Muslim extremism," and that "if [Chavez] thinks that we're trying to assassinate him, I think that we really ought to go ahead and do it. It's a whole lot cheaper than starting a war." Even the Bush administration quickly distanced itself from the comments.

Despite Robertson's attempted back-pedaling, the Venezuelan Ministry of Foreign Affairs condemned his incitement for assassination, and is calling for Robertson to be held accountable for his actions. Inciting for the assassination of a government leader is illegal under international law and is considered an act of state terrorism.

Welcome Back, Bitches

Brandon Ferguson, Opinions Editor

Well, well, well, what do we have here? An eager new student or a grizzled returnee? Someone down on their luck, or a high-school stud looking to continue glory? Of course, if you're one of those loan-taking, shitty job-working, empties-are-a-major-source-of-your-income, part-time students, well, I'm going to ignore you like I was a BC Liberal.

Instead, this is a shout out to some of the major demographics at Douglas College. You'll see them in the halls and know them from your classes; you may even catch one in the mirror. Regardless, this is one eclectic school you've chosen to come to and there's a home for everyone here.

Rent Dodgers:

Welcome to Douglas, a fine post-secondary institute that your rent-dodging predecessors helped found. Since time immemorial, parents have put down the ultimatum for uninspired high school grads: go to school or pay your way.

Chances are, your mother bought you clothes for school (you really do look smart in that sweater vest). Your dad has turned the family sedan into a timeshare. You have at least one piece of plastic that you don't pay for, probably a gas card. You have it good, my friend. Embrace your jeweled leash, devour the free leftovers, and enjoy general studies.

Oh, and good luck sneaking partners back home to screw in your Unicorn/Star Wars bed sheets.

Desperate Housewives:

You ladies are the sass that puts some class back in to college ass. Sorry to be crass, but women following their hearts are abundant in these academic halls. Comprised of wives and mothers, they either have a partner evolved enough to say, "go on honey, do what you've got to do," or they've got a kid at home whom they want to provide a better life for. An honourable lot, the desperate housewives are also some of the most rabid conversationalists. That's right son; none of your witty bar banter can hold a glow-stick to the well-articulated ideas of someone who's had a lifetime to think things over while doing laundry. Ladies, welcome to Douglas.

Unlike your love of ponies and photography as a youngster, you have a passion that goes beyond any whimsy or adolescent want. You want to pursue; you want to explore; you want to see, now that you've already set up your life, if you can tap in to that deepest desire—a career of your choosing. Well, you passed a ten-pound turkey through your loins, so I'm pretty sure you could create cold fusion if you wanted. Go on and kick some college ass, you beacons of baby-making beauty. And, if you can, wear high heels at least once this semester. We love that.

Dream Chasers:

Guess what? You suck! That's right—you heard me. I don't care what compliments your high-school counselor gave you and I don't give a shit about how good your yearbook turned out under your leadership. You're too wet behind the ears to swim with the big fish. I'm pretty sure that I can smell retainer saliva on your chin. Geez, go home and finish your Usher collage already. **YOU WILL NOT SUCCEED!**

You okay? Good. Because now it's week two and you're about to kick my ass in every test and assignment from now until Christmas. Keep on chasing, superstar.

Second Strikers:

Friends, Romans, countrymen.

So what was it? Bad marriage? Injured on the job? Dead-end career? Drugs and that weekend in Vegas with post-op Paula? Well, we're all here for a reason. Whatever yours, welcome to Douglas College: land of last chances.

There will be countless times along the way when you look around in a mixture of fear and loathing and say: "What the fuck am I doing here?" Good question, but you know the answer. You're unhappy, or perhaps lost. Maybe misguided, but definitely searching. And yet you are worthwhile. And capable. Even confident. One of the nicest things that Douglas has going for it is its acceptance. Not its openness. Not even its tolerance. But its acceptance. You're on even footing with her, him, and me for the first time in a while. You're at a place that offers solid ground. From here, having come from there, you can go anywhere you so choose. Where will you go?

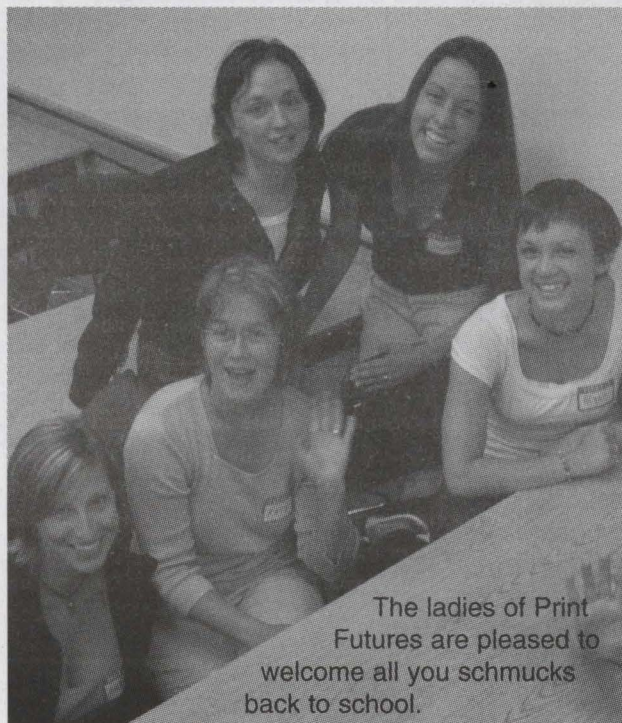
The patio of the first pub night to join me in a coco puff, I hope. Come on...just a taste.

Welcome to all of you, old and new. Douglas College has long been the butt of all smarmy university students' jokes, but this daycare has much to offer. If you're aiming higher, you can transfer after two years while saving a small fortune on tuition costs. If you want a Bachelors degree, you can get one (provided you're interested in Nursing or Psychiatric Nursing). If you want to get used to life after high school, there's no better place to chill out and see what the post-secondary environment is like than here. Well, except UVic. Those kids are freaking animals.

Lastly, some broad words of advice: structure your semester so that you know what classes you want to skip ahead of time; don't use the electronic door buttons unless you either are, or aspire to be, handicapped; never, ever, piss off Kelly at the barista because I will hunt you down and do things to your nose that would make you wish you were a leper; smoke 'em if you got 'em; and don't show up classmates because there is no easier way to get hated.

So throw off your stigmatic shackles of a second-rate education and cast aside your high school's disposable knowledge. You're a paying student now, which means that you want to be here. Or at least your parents want you to be here. Whatever the case, get out there and enjoy yourself.

And no matter what some dick may say, nobody knows who you are—and what you want to be—better than yourself.



The ladies of Print Futures are pleased to welcome all you schmucks back to school.

It's an opinion, but...

...the scientific determination of binge drinking is way too low (3-5 drinks per sitting). Fuck those numbers. I want to fight them.

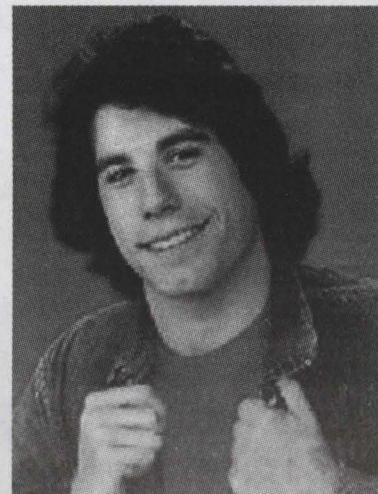
...religion trying to be hip is sort of like midgets trying to be tall: cute, but not quite.

...girls who wear big boots will totally screw you until your brains stain the sheets.

...you look incredible in that hoodie. Do you work out?

...you should write for the Other Press, because I'm lazy and ugly and that's a pretty full plate to deal with.

WRITE FOR THE OP!

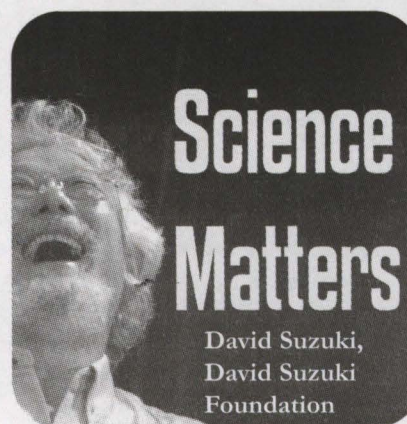


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othereditor@yahoo.ca

Taking the planet for a spin



Perspective is everything. From 50,000 kilometers away, the Earth is just a giant blue ball floating in a dark universe. Zoom in to 5,000 kilometres and you can make out key geographic features—mountain ranges, rivers, and the telltale signs of agriculture and industry.

Zoom in to 100 kilometres and you begin to get a feel for the extent of urban sprawl around our cities and the size of clear cuts in our forests. But why stop there? You can zoom in further, to your community, your street—your home.

I'm not talking theoretically, or refer-

ring to some secret spy-satellite technology. Today, you can do all of these things from your home computer using a nifty little tool called Google Earth.

New technologies have always fascinated me because of the promise they hold. Years ago, I immediately got a laptop when Hewlett-Packard brought them out because I knew it would revolutionize my life as a traveling journalist. And I was right. I was also one of the first in line to buy a low-polluting hybrid car when they were introduced and I'm always interested in new medical techniques and scientific technologies. Still, I am not exactly a technophile. Gadgets and gizmos generally fail to woo me and I'm not easily amused by the latest electronic fad.

That said, this new web tool amazes me. Available for free to virtually anyone with access to a computer, it enables users to zoom in on any place on the planet. You can explore the Grand Canyon or the streets of Toronto. You can visit the vast, open wheat fields of Saskatchewan and the cramped, crowded favelas of Rio. In some areas, the maps combine satellite imagery with topo-

graphical information to create an exact landscape. Other regions are not as detailed and some maps are blurry, but as the availability of satellite images increases, the maps can be updated with new information and, eventually, high-definition images.

One of the most interesting features of the program is that anyone from anywhere in the world can add thumb tacks to mark notable features—everything from oil spills and deforestation in the Amazon to favourite local restaurants or hiking trails. It's like a global community bulletin board. News websites can also link their stories to maps so readers can pinpoint exactly where stories are unfolding.

Global maps and photos have been available for a long time on the Internet, but this interface and the ability to examine the entire planet in such detail is new—and promising. This is a tool that is sure to get children excited about geography and learning about towns and cities all over the world. It can be used to bridge cultures and teach people about the different environmental challenges facing various countries.

But perhaps most important, it brings things into perspective. Biologically, we are still the tribal animal that evolved 100,000 years ago when we might know perhaps 100 people in a lifetime. The challenge today is to think of the collective impact of all of humanity—and that kind of thinking is not easy. This program enables us to see the big picture. Seeing the entire planet floating alone in space, then within seconds zooming down to your own home is a humbling experience. It makes everything seem so small and fragile—which, of course, it is.

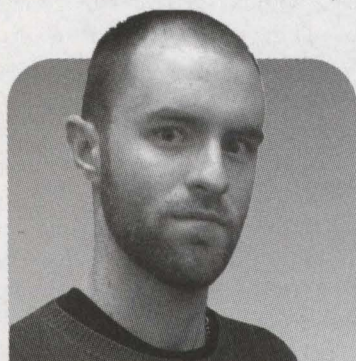
Suddenly the war in Iraq doesn't seem so distant; the slums of Calcutta become just a hop across the ocean, a stranger's home just a click away. The concept of a "global community" has never been so tangible. Looking at the planet from 50,000 kilometres up, you can't help but feel a new sense of connection to this place. After all, this is it—all the known life in the universe. This is all we've got.

Google Earth is a logical name for the project, but, given the way it makes you think about the planet, they really should have called it Google Home.

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Left Overs: Hippies vs. Bible Thumpers



Left Overs
Iain Reeve, OP Columnist



With a new academic year upon us here at good old Douglas College, I would like to welcome back old students and bid good luck to the new ones. No matter what group you fall into—if you're new to the Other Press, or to my little slice of weekly political ranting—thanks for checking us out and I hope you keep doing so throughout your stay. Now, down to business.

Since many of you are no doubt new to both this column and that of my right-wing counterpart, Mr. McCullough, I thought I'd start the semester with a staple in any right vs. left argument: extremism. Ah yes, what politically aligned commentator can resist the urge to point out the foibles of the more, how shall we say, "enthusiastic" members of the other side? The problem with most of said commentators is that while they are quick to point out the more loony ideas coming from the other side, they are also persistent in their denial or ignorance of problems in their own camp. I like to think of myself as somewhat different from these folks. A big deal has been made this week about comments made by the 700 Club host, republican supporter, and all around wretched guy, Pat Robertson. On his television show, Robertson spoke of the

problems the US has been having with Venezuela. To deal with these problems, Patty targeted Venezuelan President Hugo Chavez and made a rather extreme suggestion: "This is in our sphere of influence, so we can't let this happen. We don't need another \$200 billion war to get rid of one strong-arm dictator. It's a whole lot easier to have some of the covert operatives do the job and then get it over with."

It must have slipped the mind of the former presidential candidate that the US has had an open policy against targeted assassinations since the Ford administration. It certainly has not slipped the mind of the Bush administration, who have tenderly tried to distance themselves from the comments. They do so gingerly, though, as they recall the huge amount of support they garner from Robertson, as well as his seven million television viewers. Journalists, and not just those on the left, have been rightfully outraged by such comments made by a major supporter of the current ruling party.

It would be easy for us left-wing nuts to sit back on our high horses and criticize comments made by Robertson and those of his ilk. However, the more astute among us may do well to recall some of the nuttier things that members

of the extreme left have gotten up to over the years: encouraging violent protest, endorsing terrorist action and armed resistance against "imperial" powers, and throwing support behind oppressive rulers who resist the US and others are but a few examples. While I would certainly say there will always be a day for protest, meeting violence with violence and resisting globalism with oppression and human rights abuses is not my left. Many of us on the left feel misrepresented by such extreme and just plain unreasonable positions.

It is also important for us to remember that the majority of the right are not represented by the likes of Pat Robertson or Anne Coulter; they are reasonable people who simply have a different set of views. The ridiculous right-left, liberal-conservative debates going on in the US and, to a degree, in Canada right now are divisive, counterproductive, and not good for the people.

The best way to solve the problems in the world is to lighten up, ignore the extremists on either side, and let the more moderate people on both sides come together and discuss the issues.

Neither side should be able to put the other over the table; we are a democracy, after all. The truth often lies in the middle, or close to it.

No More Figureheads: The absurdity of Governor Generals



Right Hook
J.J. McCullough, OP Columnist

Can we please give the Michelle Jean story a rest already? I wasn't even on the same continent when this whole controversy over the credentials our next Governor General erupted, and I'm already sick of it.

Don't get me wrong—I'm always happy to see any Governor General come under fire. Canada is long overdue

for a serious discussion about the office of our nation's head of state. I always wait in anticipation, eagerly hoping that the latest scandal will be enough to finally trigger that national debate. But my waiting is always in vain. No matter how badly a Governor General manages to embarrass herself, her office, or the nation, few Canadians ever seem to get too riled up about it, and fewer still use the opportunity as a chance for a more sophisticated political discussion.

The ongoing scandals surrounding Ms Jean are simply the latest episode of this tired cycle. It is quite obvious that the former CBC host was nominated by the Prime Minister mainly because of her race, appearance, and gender, at the expense of more substantive qualifications. (She also has a rather open history of supporting the separatist cause in Quebec; if not on a partisan level, then at least on an emotional one.)

The gist of critics' outrage is that Ms. Jean was simply a bad choice for the job.

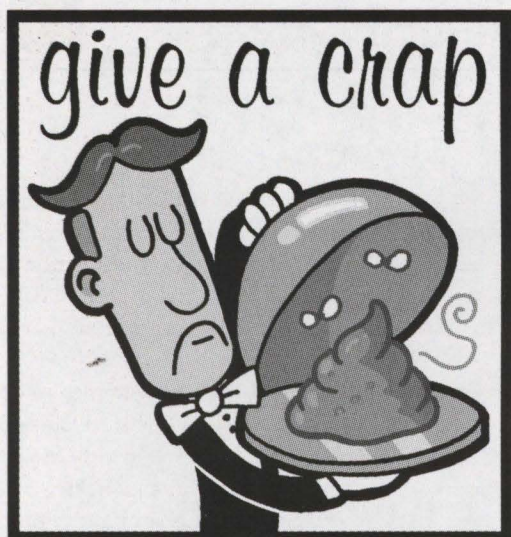
The Governor Generalship of Canada should demand a higher caliber of occupant than a largely unknown, second-rate CBC personality with a history of supporting dubious political causes, they argued. *The National Post's* resident monarchist, Andrew Coyne, went further, evoking the most flowery of language to justify his outrage.

"This is supposed to be the position of supreme honor and prestige in the country," he wrote of the Governor General's office, arguing that the position "should be filled by titans, revered national icons, whose love of country is reflected in the love their country has for them."

In another column, Coyne rattled off the names and careers of some of the ceremonial Heads of State in other nations. The figurehead President of Germany is the former head of the International Monetary Fund, and the current Governor General of New Zealand is an ex-justice of the Supreme

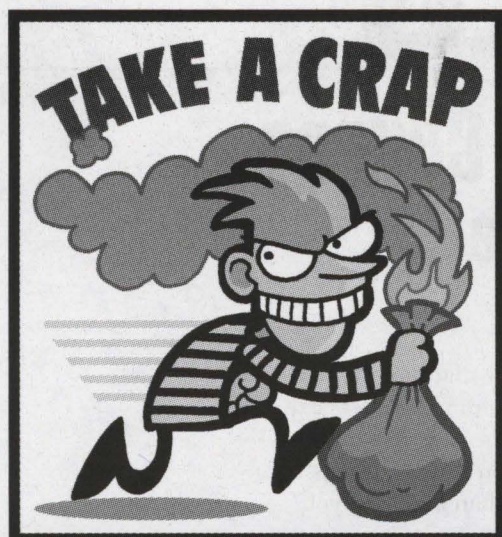
Court. But Coyne missed the larger point. On paper, these leaders' credentials may look impressive, but when you actually talk to the citizens of their countries, most remain unmoved. No matter what nation of this world you are in, if the King, Governor, or President of that country is a symbolic figurehead who does little more than cut ribbons at new Wal-Marts, he'll inevitably be the subject of grumbling about the useless yet expensive nature of his office. The problem with Ms Jean is not that she is unqualified—it's that her useless and lavish, taxpayer-funded position exists at all.

The man on the street, unlike political science majors and other obsessive apologists of monarchs and figureheads, does not expect his government to employ someone to "embody the nation" in a ceremonial capacity. The politician who actually runs the country is the man or woman who will always be considered the true head of the nation.



Give a Crap:

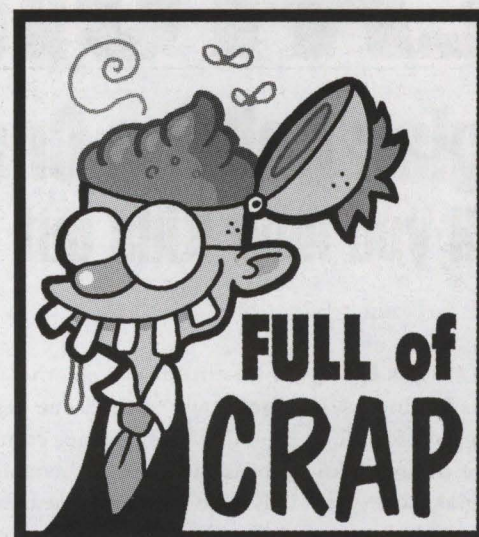
About the first few weeks of school and the activities going on. Yes, Fully Loaded Opening Week (FLOW) is as lame as those Christian kids who approach you and ask if you like to party, but there's a lot of displays and events going on in the main concourses and at the student union. Check them out. You can try and pick out which girl or guy it is you'll always see in passing but never have the nerve to tell them that they're the most beautiful thing you've ever seen in your life. Maybe you'll see her or him at the pub night (September 15, New West campus), get gooned, tell her how you feel, and live happily ever after. That still happens, right?



Take a Crap:

On the front steps of your old high school. You've graduated son, and what have you learned? How to colour in maps of Canada? That your woodshop teacher is completely creepy? How to make your parents' house look like it didn't just have a raging party in under 20 minutes? If you were in Plato's Republic, you'd know how to speak three languages and play five instruments by now. Granted, you'd have been touched inappropriately by hairy Greek teachers, but you've got to pay to play, baby.

(Note: pouring sugar into the Vice-principal's gas tank or sending 20 pizzas to your demented Math teacher's house are perfectly acceptable, and equally infantile, alternatives.)



Full of Crap:

Pat Robertson, staunch supporter of Baby Bush, told the millions of minions that watch his 700 Club televangelist show that America should murder Venezuelan President, Hugo Chavez. Why? Because he stands up to the US.

Chavez is a democratically elected president who, after surviving a 2002 CIA-sponsored coup, received 59 percent support in a national referendum. He has taken the nation's vast oil supplies and turned them into socially progressive programs. In 2004, he spent \$4 billion on housing, clinics, and schools. He spends \$25 million a month on subsidized food for the poor. His country has an astounding literacy rate of 93.4 percent, one of the lowest infant mortality rates in Latin America, and 60 percent of Venezuelans have free Medicare (which is exactly infinity percent more than those who have that luxury in the good ol' US of A). Kill that Chavez cat; kill him now!

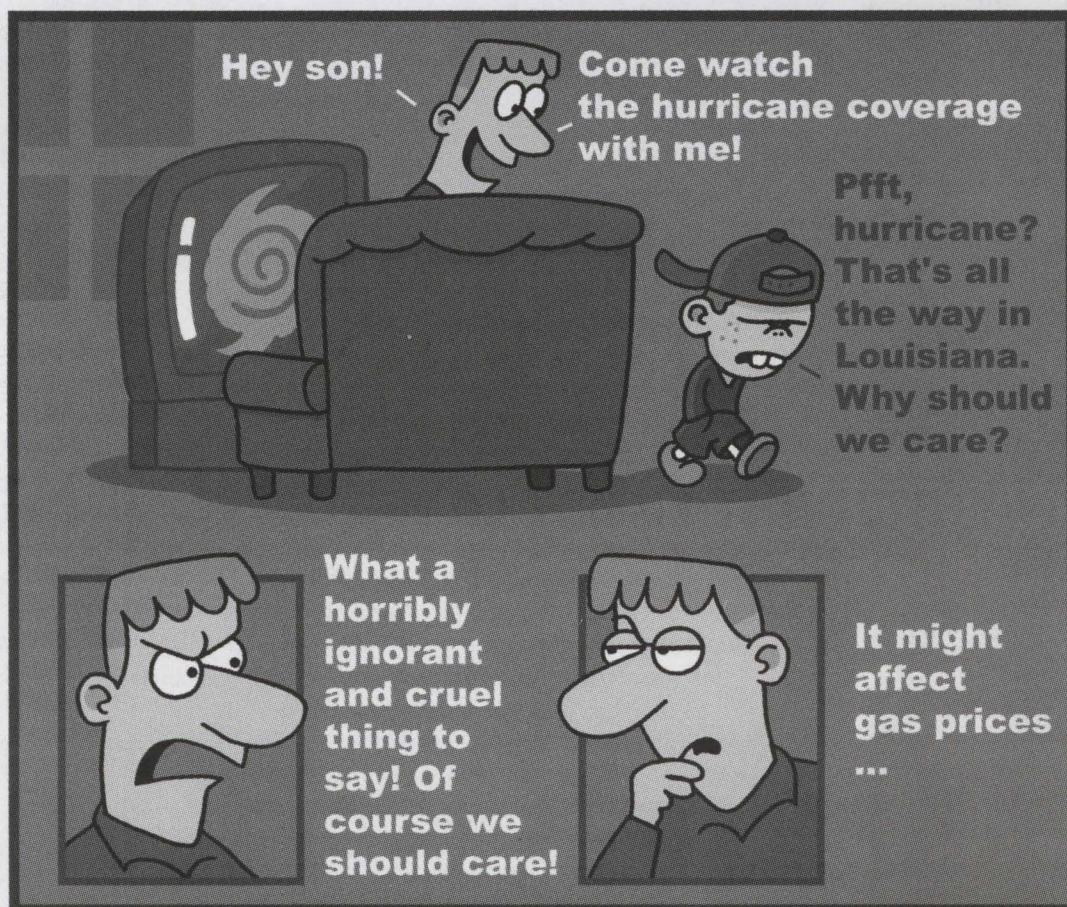
Right Hook cont.

There is a real alternative to this lunacy, however, and it's the presidential model of governance. President George W. Bush is the head of the United States of America, and as such is both the symbolic and functional leader of his country. He is hardly a unanimously loved man, but few expect him to be. He is a partisan, elected politician, with a clearly defined job to do. Someday he'll be gone and some other partisan politician will take his place. Democracies are societies that feature governments defined by argument and disagreement. That the head of the state should be just as political, partisan, and divisive as every other official in the nation seems only logical.

The choice is clear. Canada can either grow up and become a republic, with the Prime Minister as head of state, or we can continue to live in a fairy tale world with Queens and viceroys. We can either live in a fully democratic country and accept that our leaders will not always be loved by all people all of the time, or we can continue to cling to the decidedly anti-democratic, monarchist fantasy that our society must be presided over by some superhuman "utan" to unite the unruly masses.

Just don't act surprised when a washed-up CBC host can't do the job.

Editorial Cartoon



FEATURES

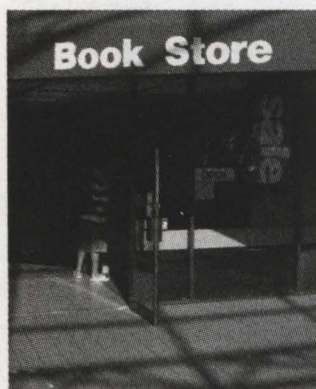
krwelsh@canada.com

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Douglas College Crash Course: For all you new kids out there

Kevin Welsh, Features Editor

New to Douglas College this semester? Welcome! There, now that that unpleasantness is behind us, let's get down to the issue at hand: providing a half-assed survival guide for life at the New Westminster campus over the next few months. These are things to know, bear-in-mind, and consider—and in return perhaps the Douglas College socially elite (far more mean and petty than anything you encountered in high school) will go easy on you, or, better yet, ignore you entirely. Here's what you need to know:



The Bookstore: First floor, right below the main entrance. If you don't have your books yet, get to school early to beat the line. If you get stuck in line, just kill the time by picking up *The Other Press* and reading it cover to cover.



Financial Aid: Located on the second floor. These people can do amazing things for a starving student. Take the time to visit them if you have any questions regarding student loans, grants, or other fiscal concerns. Also, the college has this thing called an "Emergency Loan," where you go in, tell them how watery your Kraft Dinner was last night, and they cut you a check that you pay back when your student loan comes in. It's freaking sweet.



Eats: There's a cafeteria on the second floor. The difference here is that it's really tasty, really healthy, and fairly cheap—you can get a full meal for \$5. Be sure to try the stir-fry. On the first floor is a wicked little deli that also serves Pizza Pizza for you grease junkies out there. Once you tire of Douglas fare, walk down Eighth Avenue to Kirin Sushi and take advantage of their generous lunch deals.



Coffee: There are plenty of different roasts available in the cafeteria. Instead, though, pay Kelly or Dorothy a visit at the coffee cart near the cafeteria entrance. Great coffee and conversation.

Student ID Cards: There will be signs posted on the bulletin boards. Take the time to read them and find out where to go to get your official Douglas College Student ID. A few local shops and restaurants offer discounts to Douglas students, so take advantage of it. Don't forget to update your card each semester.

Parking: If you haven't already purchased a parking pass, you're out of luck for this semester. There is limited space and the spots go fast. If you missed out, or don't want to fork out roughly \$90 per semester for a pass, free parking can be found within walking distance of Douglas, but you may have to fight for it.

Money: Most on-campus establishments won't take debit cards, so you're gonna need some cash. An ATM can be found on the second floor by the Cashier's Office. Another one can be found in the Student Union building. Beware of bad-ass service charges, delayed card return, and dismemberment with this machine.

Free Counseling: Way up on the fourth floor. If the burden of student life is getting to you, on-site counselors are at your disposal. The best part is it's free.

Smoking: Do you smoke? You should quit. But if you don't feel like doing that there are two smoking sections on campus: outside the main entrance on the second floor, and outside of the Student Union building on the third floor. Don't get caught smoking by the security guards where you shouldn't be—some of them enjoy threatening students and abusing their menial power. As well, steer clear of hacking butts by the day-care because (1) It's shitty to smoke around little kids and (2) Smokers have been doused with buckets of water. Consider yourself warned.

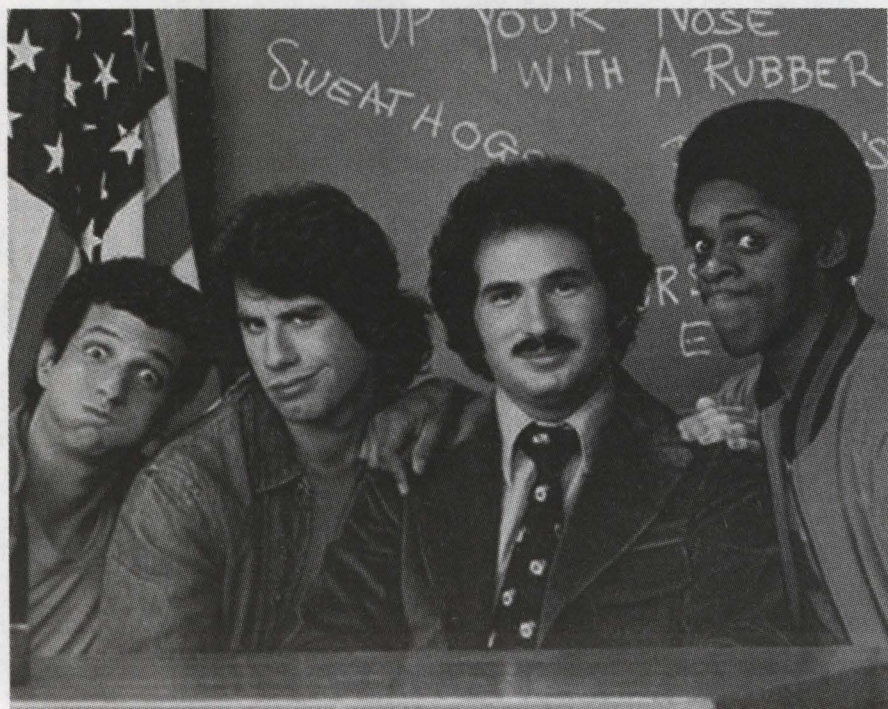
1st Year Print Futures Students: Lie down, play dead, and pray to your God. Hah! I kid...sort of. Prepare to buckle down and go hard for two years straight. Start lifting weights with your spine so your back doesn't buckle under the course load and the subsequent stress. Best advice: Make some friends fast, they will prove to be indispensable down the road. Just bear this one thing in mind: you will be writing or editing for a living once you're through.

The Other Press Office: We're located in room 1020 (no, I won't give you the code to the door). Basically, we're friendly people and always looking for quality contributions. If you want to contribute, don't hesitate to make submissions or ask questions—contact information for all OP editors can be found in the masthead.

After Hours: Being a student is serious, career-defining business. But sometimes you just need to let your hair down and say, "To hell with it," even if it's just for one night. The Student Union usually hosts at least one pub night a month. Other nearby options include Chicago's (on Royal Avenue), Scruffy McGuire's (under the New Westminster SkyTrain station), The Paddle Wheeler (located on the Quay), and Brooklyn's (on Columbia Street).

Welcome Back, Kotter—The Easy Way Out (of this issue, that is)

Kevin Welsh, Features Editor



It's hard being the Features Editor, you know. The other sections (News, Arts & Entertainment, and Sports) have actual news to report—if you know where to find it, you can pick and choose your stories. Then there's Opinions, which has got to be the most slack, self-serving, and fun section to write: Just pick a topic and beak off about it for a few paragraphs and, voila, you're an "editor." But Features, well, it's tough. I'm charged with the awesome responsibility of finding something new to write about every week, something that's not reported, but found—sniffed out by yours truly and presented to you, our faithful readers, in a professional manner that will not just hold your interest, but captivate, enthrall, and enlighten you.

Well, nuts to that, I say. If the theme of this issue is Welcome Back to School or Welcome Back to Douglas or *Welcome Back, Kotter*, or whatever it is (hey, it takes time to pay attention—and I'm a busy guy) then I'm taking things literally, stepping on Arts & Entertainment editor Ian Reeve's toes, and writing about the 70's sitcom staple, *Welcome Back, Kotter*. Oh, how I love theme issues.

Welcome Back, Kotter graced the prime time airwaves for five seasons and is best known as being, "that show John Travolta started out on." Created in 1975, the series followed the zany and heart-warming exploits of Gabe Kotter (series creator and stand-up comedian Gabe Kaplan), a teacher who returns to his old inner-city New York high-school to teach, guide, and bond with the "Sweathogs," a crop of trouble-makers. Hilarity promptly ensued.

Each episode would begin and end with Kotter cracking a joke (which always tied into the theme of the episode) to his wife, Julie (Marcia Strassman). The bulk of the episode would take place in the classroom, where Kotter had to deal with "edgy" current issues and repetitive signature lines.

Welcome Back, Kotter was always predictable and, if truth be told, always good for at least a couple of chuckles, with the odd guffaw, snicker, and chortle. The theme song became a number-one hit in 1975, and the show earned four Emmy nominations: Outstanding Comedy Series and Outstanding Achievement in Video Tape Editing in 1976; Outstanding Art Direction for a Comedy Series in 1978; and Outstanding Individual Achievement-Creative Technical Crafts (whatever the hell that means) in 1979.

When the series signed off in 1979, the cast went their separate ways. Some found stardom (well, one did), some have eked out journeymen careers in the industry, and some have fallen off the map entirely. So, without further ado, I present to you the exploits of the cast of *Welcome Back, Kotter*. Who got rich, who won awards, who got fat, who went to jail, who's making a comeback, who's playing poker for a living, and who's working retail.

Gabe Kaplan (Gabe Kotter)

The creator and star of *Welcome Back, Kotter* floundered somewhat after the series was cancelled. Despite captaining the ABC Team on *Battle of the Network Stars* from 1976–81, Kaplan's less-than-stellar film credits include *Fast Break*, *Tulips*, *Nobody's Perfect*, and my personal favourite, *The Hoboken Chicken Emergency*. Though he has made a comeback as a stand-up comedian, Kaplan has also worked in the interim as a financial investor, providing colour commentary for televised poker, and is also a champion poker player, finishing third in the World Poker Tour Event in Las Vegas in March, 2005.

Marcia Strassman (Julie Kotter)

Perhaps best known now for her roles as Rick Moranis' wife in the *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids* series, (she was nominated for a Saturn Award for *Honey, I Blew Up the Kid*) Strassman has worked consistently in both film and TV. She enjoyed recurring guest roles on *M*A*S*H*, *Providence*, and *Third Watch*. Plus, she could never seem to bring herself to actually laugh at any of Kaplan's jokes. Atta girl.

John Travolta (Vinnie Barbarino)

The resident cement head among the Sweathogs, Travolta's career survived a late 80s early 90s slump and has skyrocketed. A pair of Oscar nominations for *Saturday Night Fever* and *Pulp Fiction* highlight a career that's lasted 30 years.

Robert Hegyes (Juan Luis Pedro Phillip de Huevos Epstein)

Epstein's schtick on the show was that he always had a note from his mother excusing him from doing anything and everything. The note was always signed, "Epstein's Mother," and I always laughed...every single time. Hegyes has endured a spotty career since *Kotter*, but did spend two years on the 80s hit *Cagney & Lacey*, and as recently as 2002, played "Mexican Police Official" in *Purpose*. I know...I've never heard of it, either.

Lawrence Hilton-Jacobs (Freddie "Boom Boom" Washington)

Not to be confused with Bam-Bam, Boom-Boom was, well, the black guy on *Kotter*. Really, Hilton-Jacobs is arguably the most successful *Kotter* alumni after Travolta, having amassed a thirty-year, workmanlike career including supporting roles in numerous feature and TV movies like *Roots*, *Alien Nation* (both the film and the TV series), and *The Jacksons: An American Dream*.

Ron Palillo (Arnold Horshack)

The token loser of the Sweathogs, Horshack could always be relied upon to make bone-headed observations and raise his hand for every questions and go, "Ooooh! Ooooooooooooooh! Mr. Kotttt-air!" Again, I laughed every time. Palillo went on to provide the voice for Rubik in the 1983 cartoon *Rubik, the Amazing Cube*. He also had a small part in *Friday the 13th VI: Jason Lives*, in which he gets impaled by Jason and pukes blood. Delightful. His most recent appearance was in the 2004 film, *The Root of All Evil*, a film about killer Christmas Trees. Enough said.



Live: Bumbershoot Arts Festival Seattle is the place to be on Labour Day Weekend

By Trevor Hargreaves, OP Contributor

When labour-day weekend rolls around, Seattle is the place to be for any discerning West Coast music fan. Now in its 35th year, Bumbershoot has long celebrated the arts with focus on film, live comedians, writers, and a whole schvack of bands. The yearly line-up is more diverse and decidedly less commercial than most North American festivals this size. I arrived and saw as much as I could. Here's the rundown:

Friday, September 2

After a leisurely drive from Vancouver, I arrived just in time to catch The Donnas cranking it out on the Mainstage. Relying heavily on tunes from their latest album *Gold Medal* they provided the most solid set I've seen them put out in years.

Next up came the legendary New York Dolls. Here's a band I never thought I'd get the chance to see live. For a band that's hardly played in 30 years, they can certainly still kick it out. At one point frontman Sylvain Sylvain said to the audience "what's the problem with you people, the crowd in Vancouver were much louder last night!" Despite lacklustre audience response, the bands set was pure fire.

To finish things off for the evening, Garbage hit the stage. As Shirley Manson's voice blasted across the stadium, I quickly became disenchanted with the bottled sound of the band. These guys pre-amp their pre-amps. Manson could use more of a raw sound to match her vocals. And drummer Butch Vig should get back to producing bands vastly cooler than he will ever play in.

Saturday, September 3

After spending the previous evening listening to classic metal in an insane establishment called the Whiskey Bar, I dragged myself to the festival grounds at the unholy hour of 1:30pm, just in time to see Victoria's own party girl Carolyn Mark cracking up the audience on an outdoor stage. When she sang "How can you love a man who drinks white wine?" it was of truly comedic proportions. This set also receives the award for best stage banter.

Next I dashed just up the street from the festival grounds to catch an in-store performance at Easy Street Records by the newly reformed Harvey Danger. With a new album dropping in a few weeks, the band was in fine form. Frontman Sean Nelson is a great performer.

Back on the festival ground, I caught a mid-set Citizen Cope on the Mainstage in the midst of rocking out the crowd with his laid back vibe. Very impressive. This guy tours all the time, and I'll be sure to catch him next time around.

On the recommendation of a lady in the press tent, I next wandered over to catch a crazy mid-set by Denver Colorado's DeVotchKa partying it up Slavic style. These guys are a party and a half. They must be great in a live venue.

After the wild set by DeVotchKa, things then took a decidedly more relaxed turn with the laid back vibe of Visqueen.

Next up was a full-length set by Harvey Danger. Twice in one day, lucky me! Forget Flagpole Sitta. This band has an arsenal of great tunes. Second song in, the band kicked it up a notch and launched into Carlotta Valdez from their first album, *Where Have All The Merry-makers Gone*. From there, it was one amazing moment after the next. A true highlight of the festival.

At this point in the evening, things went a little askew. I opted to pass on checking out Minus the Bear in favour of a film-fest feature of short flicks titled "The Best Sex Ever." Long story short, no it wasn't. I left the theatre feeling cheap and used and made it just in time to catch a secret performance by Death Cab For Cutie, which was billed as the Transatlantic Orchestra. What a day!

Sunday, September 4

After another crazy evening in the wilds of Seattle, I got a slow start on Sunday. Things got rolling at 2:00pm with a set by The Math and Physics Club who sounded much like Vancouver's own Young & Sexy but minus any female vocals. Frankly, these guys had such a contrived wuss-rock vibe to them that it was pretty boring.

Next I caught Bo Diddley in a swank performance hall. The ol' timer left most of the heavy guitar work to his back-up band, but he sure can sing up a storm. The highlight was a rambling story/song called "Shut Up Woman." Not very politically correct, but funny as hell.

I was so enraptured by the Diddley performance, I arrived late to the Headphones set (featuring David Bazzan of Pedro The Lion) and walked in the venue just in time to hear 15 seconds of keyboards and a "thank you" as they walked off stage. Damn it!

Next I had to take off to interview Harvey Danger frontman Sean Nelson in a seedy bar. During the interview, the weather shifted from sun to a professional rainstorm like only Seattle can. As such, I opted to hole up with the cheap beers instead of catching Elvis Costello. Ahh well. Next time Costello...next time!

Monday, September 5

Things got started on a decidedly high note with a great set by the Decemberists on the Mainstage. The Tain was awesome live and Mariners Revenge featured the crowd screaming like they were getting eaten by whales.

Next I caught the Be Good Tanyas whose incredible voices echoed around me while I relaxed on the grass. As they rounded out their set with a beautiful rendition of The Littlest Birds, a seagull narrowly missed crapping on me. Oh sweet irony.

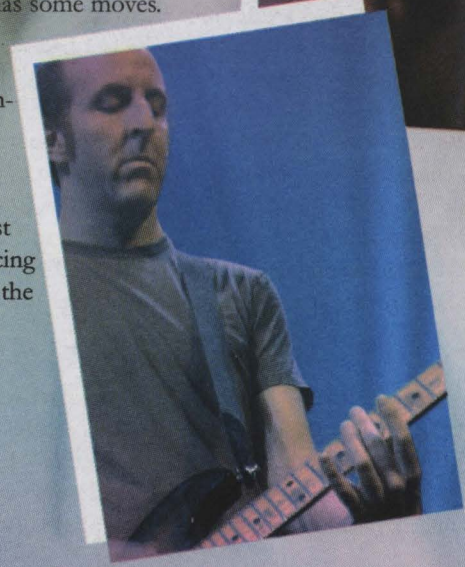
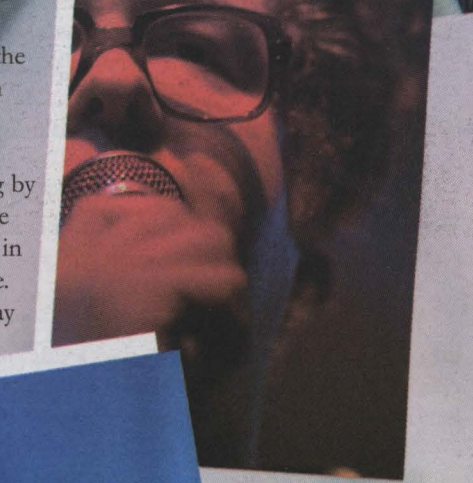
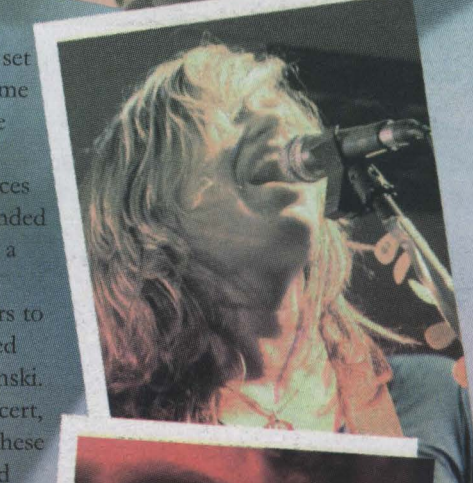
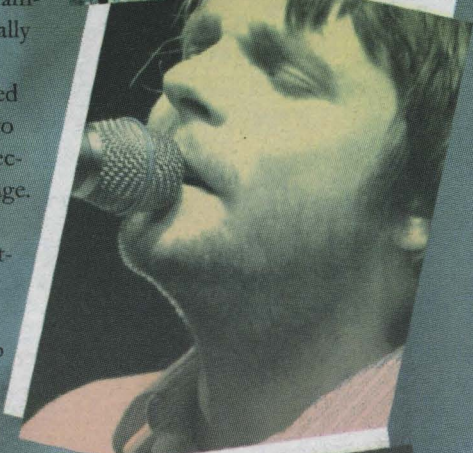
Away from the dangers of aerial attacks, I headed indoors to catch a relaxed and enjoyable set by Earlimart. Then I headed over to catch some instrumental madness by Subpop's Kinski. After punishing my ears with the insane volume of this concert, I headed back outside and caught a set by Okkervil River. These guys are serious wierdos but their wacky alt-country sounded great. Keep an eye out for these guys.

Next up came the greatest band of all time. No it's not the Beatles or Stones. It's Mudhoney. These guys get better with each passing year like fine wine. Touch Me I'm Sick never sounded so good.

At the end of the set I ran over and caught a single song by Tegan and Sara who were busy bickering on stage. With little tolerance for sibling rivalry, I ran back to the Mainstage just in time for Iggy Pop and the legendary Stooges to hit the stage. Jumpin' Jesus on a pogo stick, this was a wild show. Iggy may be older than my dad, but he certainly has some moves.

At one point he jumped on top of an eight-foot stack of amps and started humping them. Right after a rousing rendition of "1969" he invited people to storm the stage and was joined by 200 fans who blocked any view of the band while they continued to play in the midst of the crowd. Spinning mics, crazy dancing and vintage punk madness. Essentially, the perfect end to a crazy weekend.

See you there next year!

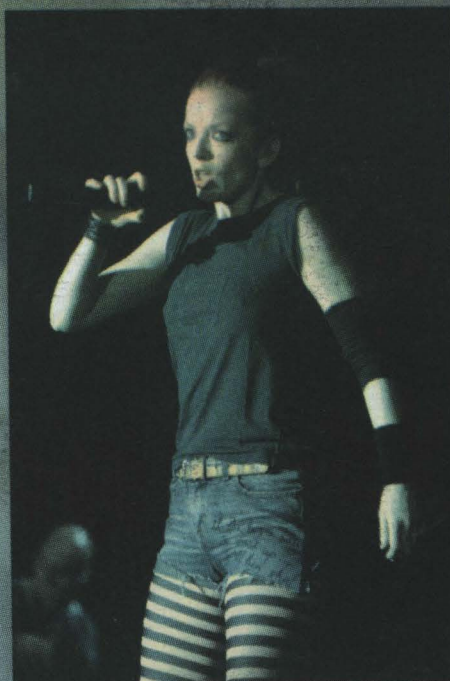




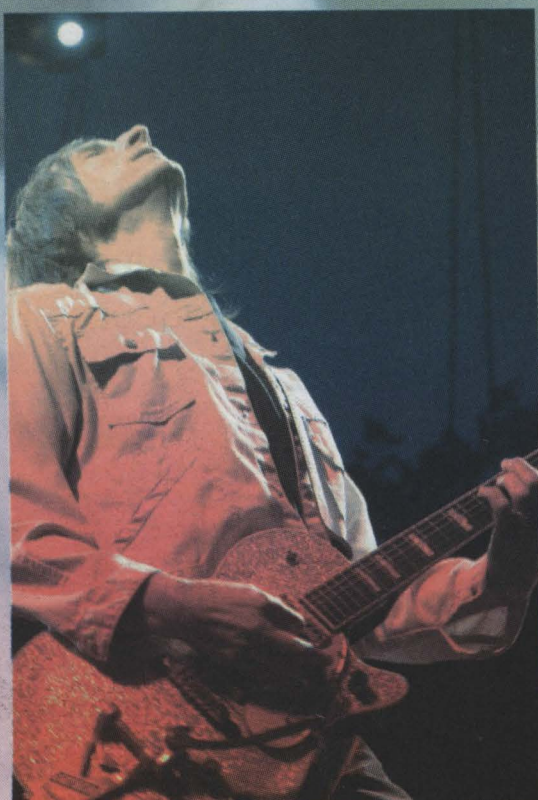
Sean Nelson of Harvey Danger sings of Wine, Women and Song.



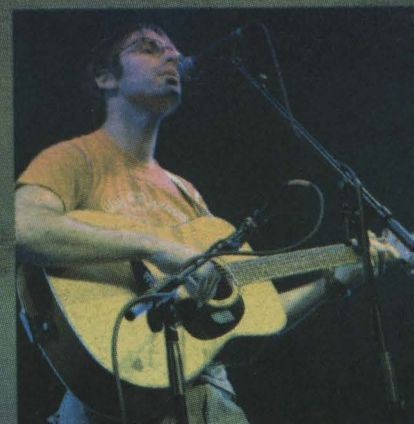
Bo Diddley plucks it oldschool with a guitar made out of a kleenex box.



Shirley Manson and her Garbage.



Mark Arm of Mudhoney looks to the heavens in thanks for his transcendent grunge rock powers.



The lead singer of Math and Physics Club exudes his chronic wimpiness upon the audience. Afterwards, their pocket protector merch was a big hit.



The gals in The Donnas hit on an Other Press reporter yet again. When will they learn?



Iggy Pop inspires some on-stage revolution!

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What's Going Down

Movies

The Exorcism of Emily Rose

September 9th

Lawyer Erin Bruner (Linney) takes on a negligent homicide case involving a priest (Wilkinson) who performed an exorcism on a young girl.

Starring Laura Linney & Tom Wilkinson

Lord of War

September 16th

A wily arms dealer (Cage) lives off the spoils of his profession, until he suddenly comes face-to-face with his conscience. Thing is, none of his clients want him to quit. At all.

Starring Nicholas Cage, Ethan Hawke & Jared Leto.

Proof

September 16th

The troubled daughter (Paltrow) of a brilliant yet mentally ill math professor (Hopkins) may or may not have authored a phenomenal mathematical proof originally attributed to her father. Based on the Tony- and Pulitzer Prize-winning play.

Starring Gwyneth Paltrow & Anthony Hopkins.

Music

The Black Keys

Richards on Richards September 14 @ 9pm Tix \$20, available at Scratch, Zulu, Highlife, and Noize! Records.

System of a Down

with special guests Mars Volta and Hella

Pacific Coliseum September 17 @ 7pm Tix \$55.50/47.50/39.50, available at Ticketmaster.

Neil Diamond

GM Place September 22 @ 8pm. Tix \$49.50 to \$125, available at Ticketmaster

Theatre

Bard on the Beach: Love's Labours Lost, As You Like It, Hamlet, and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead. At Vanier Park until September 22, Tues-Sun Tix \$16-28.50, call 604.739.0559.

Iain's Pick

Vancouver Fringe Festival Granville Island September 8-18 www.vancouverfringe.com or 604.257.0336.

Vancouver's annual forum for the weirdest and often most interesting theatre. With performers from around the world and shows of every kind ranging from comedy to drama, improv to puppets, and a massive slew of musicals, this year's Fringe should not be missed. You'll see me in line for the stage version of Trey Parker's *Cannibal the Musical*. I can assure you of that.

Campus Events

Noon at New West presents Guitar Recital Peter Zaenker Performing Arts Theatre September 15 @ 12:30pm.

Noon at New West presents Around the World with multi-instrumentalist Boris Sichon Performing Arts Theatre September 22 @ 12:30pm.

The Amelia Douglas Gallery presents Boris Sichons collection of instruments from around the world Featuring photographs by Ian Joyce September 22-November 5. Opening reception September 22 @ 2-5:30pm. Artists talk September 23 @ 12-1. For gallery times, call 604.527.5495.



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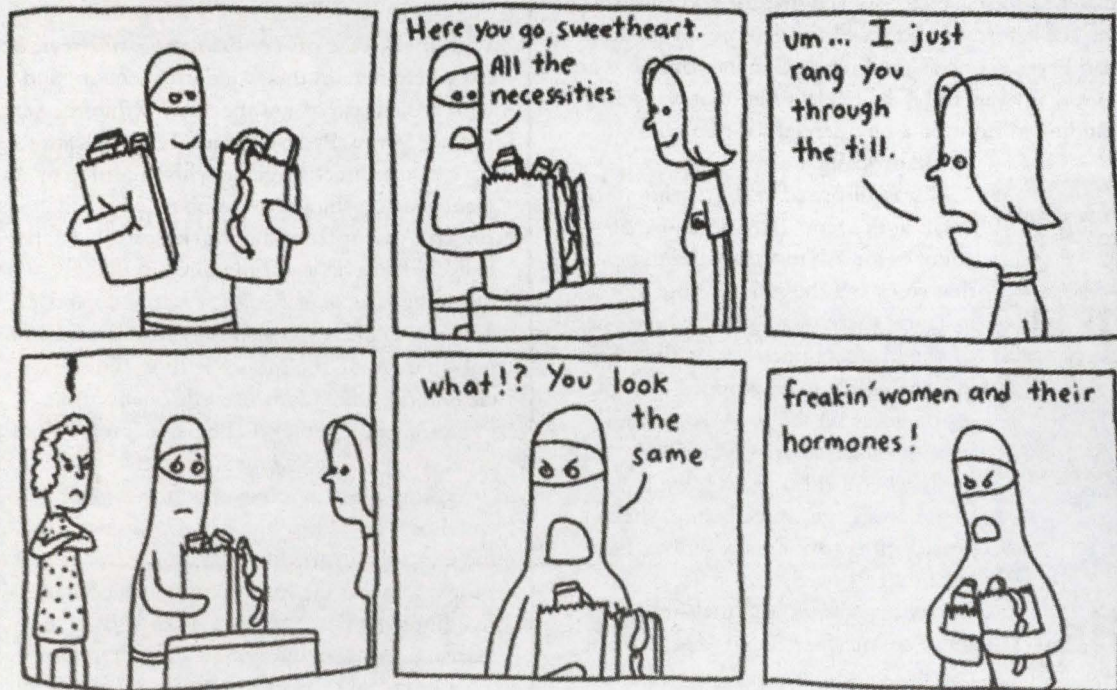
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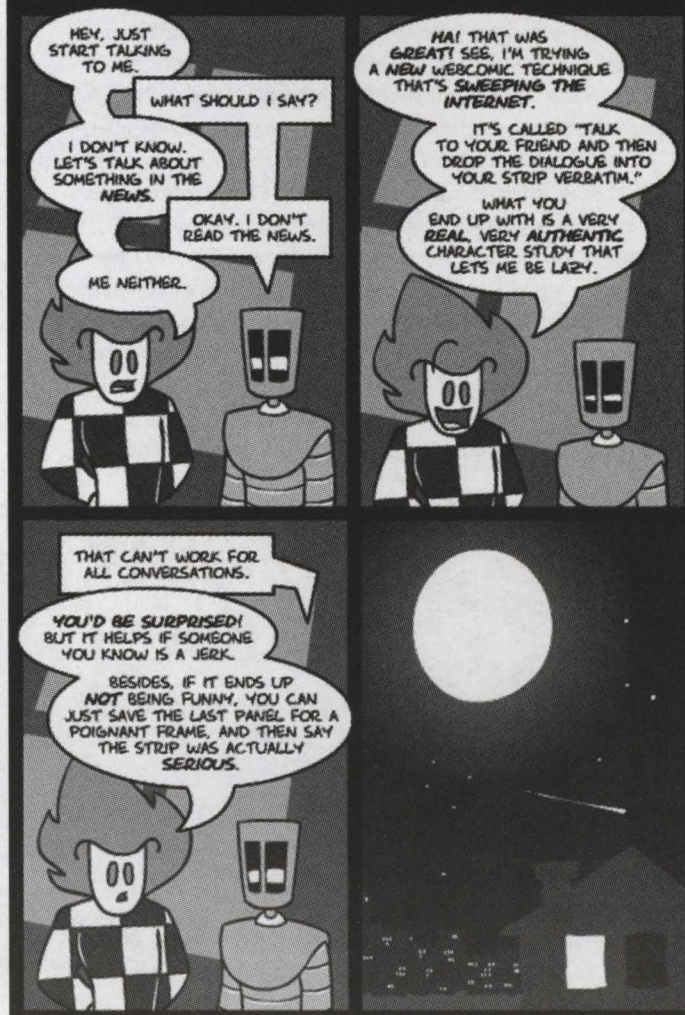
COMICS COMICS COMICS

white ninja

by Scott Bevan



CHECKERBOARD NIGHTMARE BY Kristofer Straub



MEDIUM LARGE by Francesco Marciuliano



Smith & Reeve at the movies: The Brothers Grimm



Reeve: Being a huge fan of Terry Gilliam, I was half sold on this movie before the opening credits even began to roll. This film not only lives up to expectations, but may make a serious case for being one of Gilliam's best. The story follows fictional versions of the famed German fairy tale authors through an adventure which no doubt becomes the impetus for their many timeless tales.

As with any Gilliam film, the sets and art design are astounding. Everything from the trees to the animals to the costumes walks a perfect line between actual 19th-century clothing and fairy tale style embellishment. One thing that sticks out is the constant clever use of animals. Sometimes, they are a scene's focus; other times, they're scenery. The little German town that is the primary location is all the more believable with pigs, geese, and ducks scattered all over the place. While Gilliam's penchant for the absurd, grotesque, and dark is a little less present in

this film than his more adult-oriented films, it is still present. The little things like elaborate torture devices, scary old women, and the detailed skinning of a rabbit keep the film true to both Gilliam's style and the style of the Grimm's stories.

The film contains some great acting turns, particularly from Heath Ledger, whom I have never been fond of in any other picture. Jonathan Pryce, no stranger to Gilliam films, plays a great villain as the French general Delatombe and many scenes are stolen by Peter Stormare as Cavaldi, the soldier tasked with watching over the Grimms. The story has some very excellent twists. The world itself is very fantastic and the constant tie ins from numerous Grimm fairy tales are very well done. The story is well paced, rarely drags, and doesn't seem two-hours long by the end.

Smith: Terry Gilliam's *The Brothers Grimm*. I must admit that I had my doubts at first. Heath Ledger is not exactly an Oscar-worthy actor and Matt Damon is...well Matt Damon. But I threw that aside and decided to give it a go. The movie was fantastic. Matt Damon played the over-protective older brother, and played the part to perfection. Strangely enough, and perhaps confusingly enough, Heath Ledger outshone him. As the younger brother, he was quirky, strange, and smart. His mannerisms matched the character so well that the audience forgot who the actor was and could focus more on the film. Jonathan Pryce shone as the French General. But he is an acting God anyway, and if he made a film that was just him standing in front of a blue screen for two hours it would probably be good.

I was surprised at the attention to detail in the film. The subtle use of animals, for instance, was the thing that stuck out the most for me. For instance, there was a scene where one of the brothers rides out of the village in a rush, only to be stopped by a gaggle of geese on the road. It got me because stuff like that happens. I know when I ride out of town in a rush I always get stuck behind sheep, geese, or pigs, so it really hit me. Last but not least (well, maybe least) were the sets, costumes, and makeup. The sets were mesmerizing. I kept thinking that if I closed my eyes I would be able to smell the air in the town. The costumes were just as good as the sets, and the character makeup was wonderful as well. An old town hag was so gruesome you almost wanted to cringe and the old queen was sickening.

The only negative was the predictable storyline. You could guess where it was going, and could figure out the ending. Or at least I could figure it out, the guy next to me...maybe not. However, in the end, the positive much outweighed the negative and the movie was freaking amazing. I highly recommend it. On a scale of *The Shawshank Redemption* to *The Core*, I give it a *Labyrinth*.

Blast From The Past: Terry Gilliam's Brazil

Iain W. Reeve, Assistant to the Executive Director of the Commission of Art & Entertainment Reviews



With the release of *The Brothers Grimm* (reviewed elsewhere here in this wonderful section) and with the release of another film within the year, former Monty Python genius Terry Gilliam is back at the directing game with the force of a giant foot crushing the members of a bad sketch. Absent from the movie scene since he delivered several awesome films in the 90s, including *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and *12 Monkeys*, Gilliam was also the director of two out of three of the Monty Python films and created the animations used throughout the Python's run together. Perhaps his greatest film, however, was 1985's *Brazil*.

Taking place in a unnamed town in what could best be called "the not too distant future," the film follows the life of Sam Lowry. Lowry is a lowly clerk in the information arm of a massive futuristic bureaucracy, but at night he has surreal dreams of himself as a mighty hero saving a beautiful woman in distress. However, his life is turned upside down when he attempts to correct a mistake made by his department only to find the very woman he has dreamt of.

The world Gilliam creates is an outstanding sort of retro-future that is at the same time old and new. The Orwellian overtones in the film are ever-present—the viewer is constantly reminded of *1984*. However, Gilliam's film is seven parts satire and about three parts dark social commentary in the Orwell style.

The film is hilarious and brutal, chilling and insightful with many wonderful stabs made at everything from class relations to bureaucracy. Jonathan Pryce is perfect as the perma-awkward Lowry and is supported by a brilliant supporting cast including Ian Holme, Robert DeNiro, Bob Hoskins, and former Python member, Michael Palin. If you're a fan of nightmare-future stories, this is for you. If you thought *1984* was boring or lacking any humour, this is might also be for you.

THURSDAY NIGHT STUDENT NIGHT



At Brooklyns Pub
(250 Columbia St.)

1/2 Price appy's between 4-8 pm

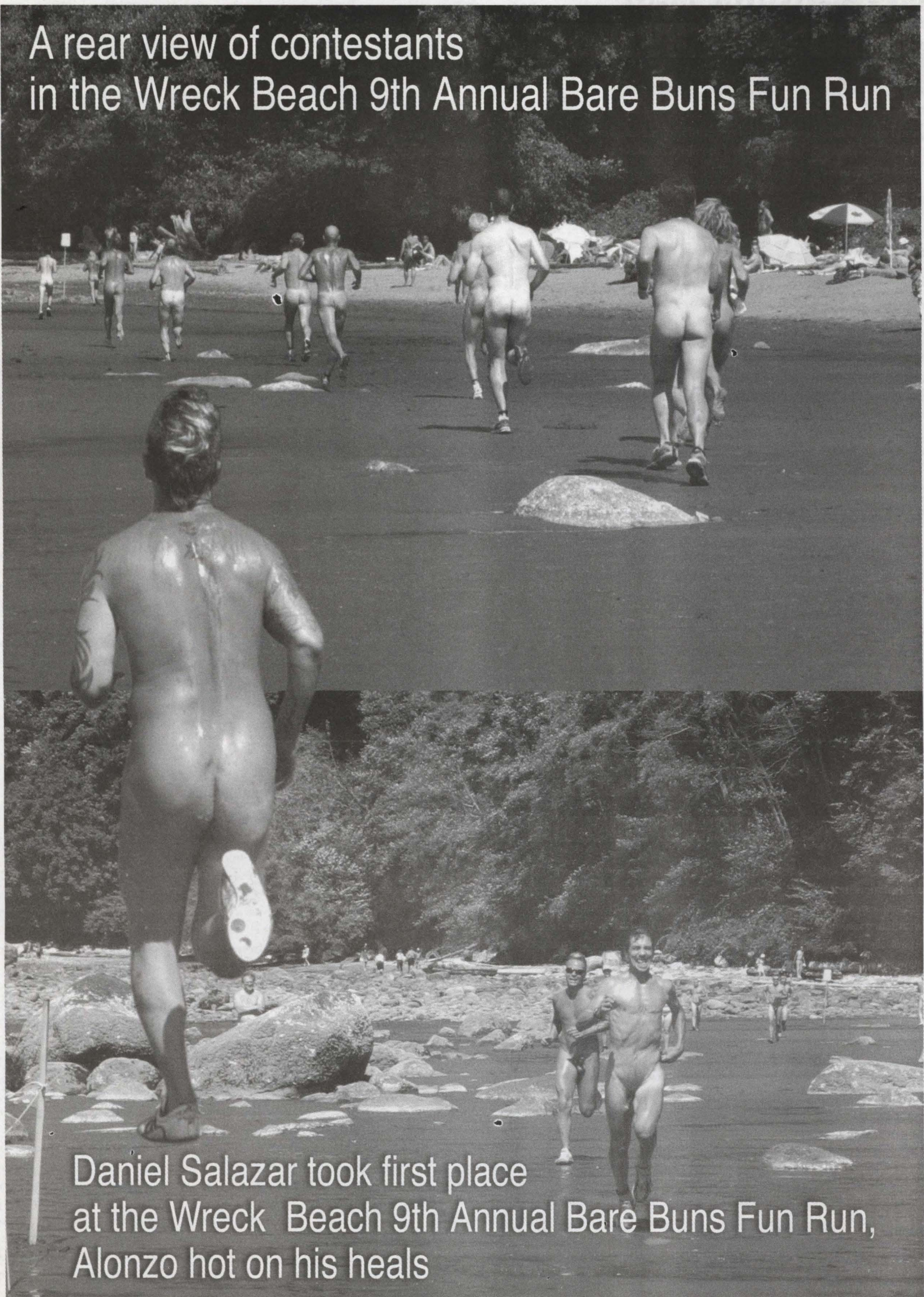
\$5.50 Double Highballs
\$1 Shooters
\$12 Pitchers of Canadian!

Be sure to catch...
DJ TOMMY THE TUNE TWISTER!!!
Every Friday & Saturday Night

WEEKEND DRINK SPECIALS!

A rear view of contestants
in the Wreck Beach 9th Annual Bare Buns Fun Run

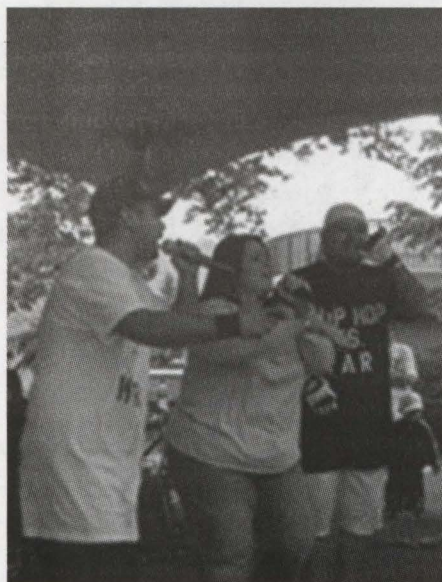


Daniel Salazar took first place
at the Wreck Beach 9th Annual Bare Buns Fun Run,
Alonzo hot on his heels

Hiphop vs. War

Palestinian resistance picks up the microphone

By Nicole Burton, OP Contributor



In June 2005, Vancouver hosted the world's first ever anti-war hip-hop festival. Over 40 performers—all Vancouver-based MCs, DJs, breakers, and graffiti artists—brought packed venues from the all-ages Edmonds Community Centre in Burnaby to Sonar Club in Downtown Vancouver, leading crowds into rhyming

anti-war choruses, and chanting "US Out of Iraq! Canada Out of Afghanistan!" After five days and more than 1,200 people attending, the major question being asked was, "Where did all of this come from? Whose idea was this?"

Organizers of the festival—local anti-war coalition Mobilization Against War and Occupation (MAWO)—pointed to common motivations for their actions, "just look to occupied territories." Take, for instance, the festival's driving inspiration: DAM (Da Arab MCs), Arapeyat, No Fear, and ZilZal—the genesis, development, and expansion of Palestinian hip-hop, expressing the day-to-day brutality of life for Palestinians under the occupation of Israel. PR, or the Palestinian Rappers, relate this in their lyrics: "I am Palestinian...I live like a prisoner, estranged in my own land during this time / for your sake Palestine, our screams have been silenced / our words have been denied / our movement has been paralyzed."

Due to strict curfews, roadblocks, and checkpoints, many MCs have never met one another, and most of their material has been assembled and produced over

the Internet. Despite physical barriers, Palestinian voices are now reaching audiences globally online. Many young people in North America are learning about the struggle against Israeli occupation through this medium, now dubbed by some as the "CNN of Palestine." The world is now seeing the rise to a new rap renaissance, where hip-hop and other expressions of culture are escaping national and ethnic boundaries to become a universal voice among youth. People are struggling against the greatest threat to the lives, rights, and securities of the vast majority of the people in the world: war and occupation.

Hip-hop is yet only one sign of how resistance can be expressed, and it is growing fast in Palestine, Iraq, Haiti, and perhaps most notably, among the Indigenous youth of reservations and inner city ghettos here in Canada. From Palestinian hip-hoppers to Indigenous rappers in Canada, the music once constricted to the ghettos of Black and Latino US communities is a growing sign of dissatisfaction among young people in the world. It's becoming a sign of solidarity between oppressed people

worldwide.

This must be the reason that Hip-Hop seems to be the obvious choice for anti-war organizers in Vancouver as the protest music of the 21st century.

The anti-war organizers who brought you this year's hip-hop festival will be coming out again next year for the Hip-hop Festival Against War and Occupation (2006), but before then, MAWO will be bringing similar events to BC campuses this fall, through the Student Week Against War and Occupation (2005). This year will bring events like hip-hop shows, movie festivals, forums, and information tables for a total of more than 40 events on campuses across the province. Students are encouraged to join up with groups already on campuses and get involved. For more information about Palestinian hip-hop, go to www.slingshothiphop.com.

For a full report on the Hip-hop Festival Against War and Occupation, or for more info about upcoming events on campuses for the Student Week Against War and Occupation this fall, go to www.mawovancouver.org.

The Constant Gardener

Vince Yim, OP Contributor



While spending time in Kenya, British diplomat Justin Quayle (played by Ralph Feinnes) kisses his activist wife Tessa (played by Rachel Weisz), not realizing that they'll never see each other again. Days later, reports surface of her gruesome murder with very few clues left behind. While initially fearing that her death may be due to his wife's infidelity, Justin's fears are quickly replaced by a newfound paranoia as he realizes what his wife was involved in. As Justin seeks to uncover the truth about his wife's death, he realizes what she was really doing, uncovering a conspiracy regarding new medical treatments and their testing. But as he retraces his wife's steps, he starts to realize that some stones are left best unturned.

Based on the novel by John Le Carré, *The Constant Gardener* is a paranoid political thriller, rife with beautiful looking landscapes and thought-provoking social commentary to make it a thinking person's date movie. Fernando Meirelles, Brazilian director of the Academy award nominated *Cidade de Deus* (*City of God*),

makes his English-language debut with this film and handles the situations and characters with veteran's expertise.

The film works on several levels, mostly through the strong performances by Ralph Feinnes and Rachel Weisz. Weisz moves further away from the popcorn fare that she has been known for into something much more cerebral, possibly one of her strongest performances to date. Ralph Feinnes puts in an emotional performance that will hopefully make you forget about his lamentable turn in *The Avengers*.

The multilayered plot will ensure that you'll be talking about the film long after you leave the theatre. Well-paced throughout, the film patiently allows the plot to unfold piece by piece. Utilizing a fair amount of flashbacks, we get a good feel for the characters in the process, while building towards a truly satisfying climax. The film is also notable for its lush visuals. In the vast multicoloured landscape, the lens captures the world embodied by impoverished people without trivializing their plight. Thankfully

eschewing most of the saccharine-tinged rhetoric of World Vision commercials, *The Constant Gardener* avoids guilting the audience into siding with its viewpoint.

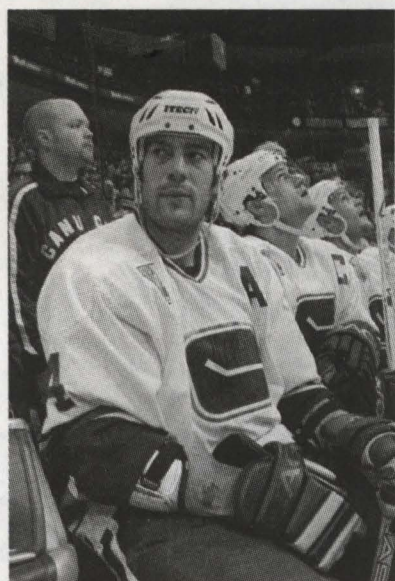
Note the operative use of the word "most," though. While certainly thought provoking in its criticism against corporations valuing profit over life, the social commentary gets a little heavy-handed at times. This becomes most apparent in the film's introduction when Justin and Tessa first meet, where Tessa delivers a tirade against UK support of the American invasion of Iraq. By picking such an easy target, it runs the risk of derailing the rest of the film. Past that, the film moves smoothly.

As films do have the power to influence public opinion, this film does it well and subtly.

In a summer beset by lacklustre releases and mediocre remakes, *The Constant Gardener* stands out. Definitely worth a look and possibly even warranting several viewings, the film is satisfying and a guaranteed award winner.

Bertuzzi Re-Instated Psuedo-fans whining coast-to-coast

Colin Miley, Managing Editor



Wishing to put the past behind them and move on, the NHL re-instated Todd Bertuzzi after a 17-month suspension that included last year's hockey lockout as "time served." Hockey fans seem to be overwhelming in their disgust at what is widely perceived as a "lenient penalty" after Bertuzzi's 2004 assault of Colorado's Steve Moore.

I couldn't disagree more.

The whole incident began in mid-February, 2004, when Moore hammered Canucks' captain and then NHL-leading scorer, Markus Naslund during a game in Colorado. No penalty was called on the play, but several Canucks still vowed to get payback on Moore for the hit. And rightfully so, I say.

I'm sick and tired of people claiming that what Bertuzzi did was unparalleled in sports history. The only thing that separates Bertuzzi's

actions from other actions you can see every single week on sporting highlights was the words, "broken neck." Steve Moore suffered a cracked vertebra, not a broken neck. There is a difference. It's called the ability to walk. Broken neck = no walking. Cracked vertebra = walk.

The stiffness of Bertuzzi's penalty was a direct result of the NHL ending up with a prime-time public relations nightmare on national US television, not the stupidity and savageness of the crime. The NHL, fearful of losing their ESPN TV deal, made an example of Bertuzzi. How was what he did worse than Matt Johnson ending Jeff Beukeboom's career with a gloved punch from behind? Was it worse than current Colorado coach Tony Granato's 1994 two-handed tomahawk chop over the head of Chicago's Neil Wilkinson that left Wilkinson convulsing on the ice? Granato got 15 games for that beauty.

There was Wayne Maki fracturing Ted Green's skull in the 1970 season. Dale Hunter separating Pierre Tureon's shoulder after Turgeon scored a series-clinching goal in the 2000 playoffs. I'm not saying what Bertuzzi did was okay. I'm just saying that it happens in professional sports all the time, and unless the NHL is going to use this incident as the new benchmark for suspensions, Bertuzzi's penalty fit the crime.

The whole incident spawned out of three things: the NHL's refusal to deal sternly with players that injure marquee players; the instigator rule stopping players from exacting swift retribution on players taking liberties with stars; and Moore's refusal to face the music and drop the gloves after knocking out a leading scorer with an elbow.

What do you think would happen to Milt Palacio if he elbowed LeBron James in the face? How about a rookie pitcher that beans Albert Puhols or Alex Rodriguez, leaving them bloodied, stitched, and concussed? The suspensions would be swift and stern. Moore received no suspension. What do you think would have happened to Moore 20 years ago had he cracked Gretzky? He'd have gotten his ass kicked by Dave Semenko, and then he'd have been suspended. His ass-kicking was delayed by six periods due to the instigator rule in hockey. No instigator rule equals immediate retribution. It's not rocket science.

NHL hockey does not have the same rules as day-to-day society. If you get into a fight on a street corner, you risk an assault charge and jail time. If there's an on-ice fight during an NHL game, the combatants go to the penalty box for five minutes and feel much shame. Like it or not, violence and intimidation are currently accepted parts of professional sports, hockey included.

Finally, if you are going to be a third-liner who hammers anyone in his wake, stars included, you'd better answer the bell when the piper comes to exact payment. Moore's refusal to fight led to Bertuzzi finally clocking him in a fit a rage. Bertuzzi was wrong and deserved to be punished. He was punished. Now it's time to let him play hockey again.

NOTICE To all STUDENTS regarding BY-ELECTION TO THE EDUCATION COUNCIL

A By-Election to the Education Council will take place in October. This notice is to advise all Douglas College students about the Nomination Process. There are two Education Council positions open for students currently enrolled at the David Lam Campus. The term of office begins October 13, 2005 and ends August 31, 2006.

Nominations for these positions must be RECEIVED by the Registrar at the New Westminster campus no later than 4PM on September 27, 2005. Nomination forms are available at the Registrar's Office and at the Student Union Office at each campus.

To find out about the role of the Education Council, go to www.douglas.bc.ca/edcouncil. For more information please contact the Registrar Trish Angus at 604-527-5358.

All About Yoga

Exercise your body, mind, and spirit

Julie Folk, The Carillon (University of Regina)

REGINA (CUP)—When thinking about yoga, many picture very flexible people involved in difficult poses. This is not what yoga is about, however. While it can help physical aspects, yoga is about so much more.

Yoga “tries to bring into balance body, mind, heart, and spirit. The mental, physical, and emotional states are all equally important,” said Kelly Green, an advanced certified integrated-yoga therapist, as well as director and owner of the Prairie Yoga Centre in Regina.

While yoga does create more flexibility in an individual, it improves strength as well. As Green said, “A healthy muscle is equally strong and flexible. A lot of poses also work on things like the organ and nervous systems. This is why yoga is so wonderful for getting rid of stress and helping people sleep better.”

What is important to remember is that anyone can do yoga. It is possible to take many different classes, such as restorative yoga for those needing healing, the more physically challenging flowing yoga, beginner classes, or partner yoga, to name a few.

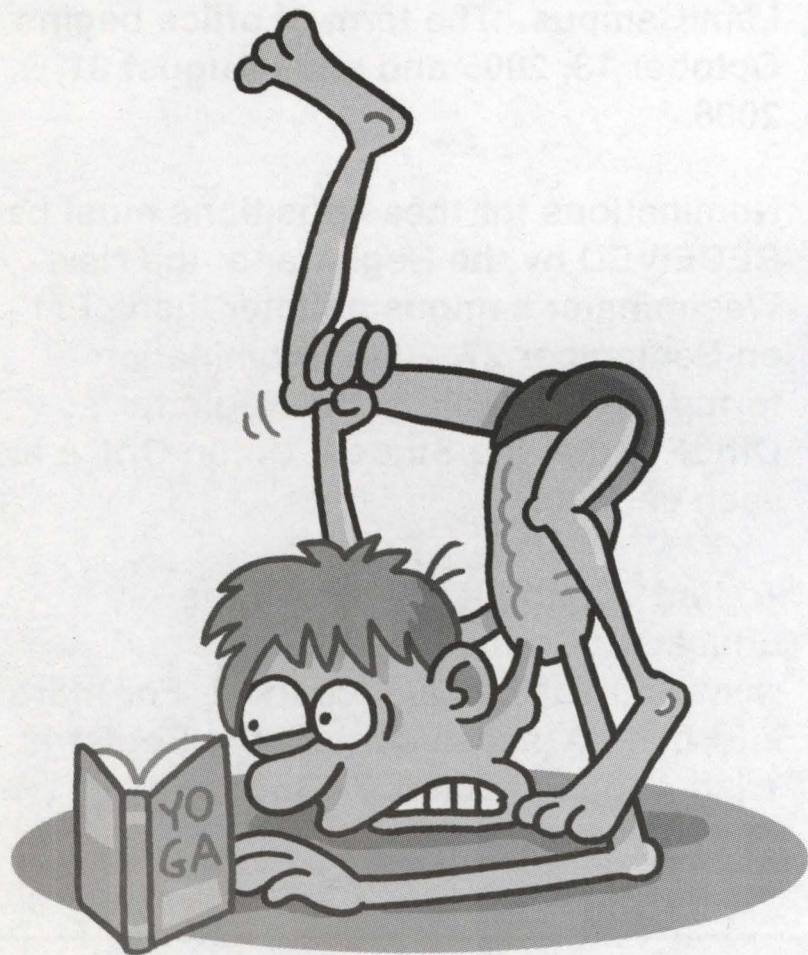
Yoga is possible for anyone, including those with physical problems, the

young, the old, and anyone in between. Men and women are equally welcome and capable of yoga.

“Professional sports players do yoga—not only does it give their bodies cross-training, it is also valuable mentally. Athletes have found that it makes a difference both physically and mentally,” Green said.

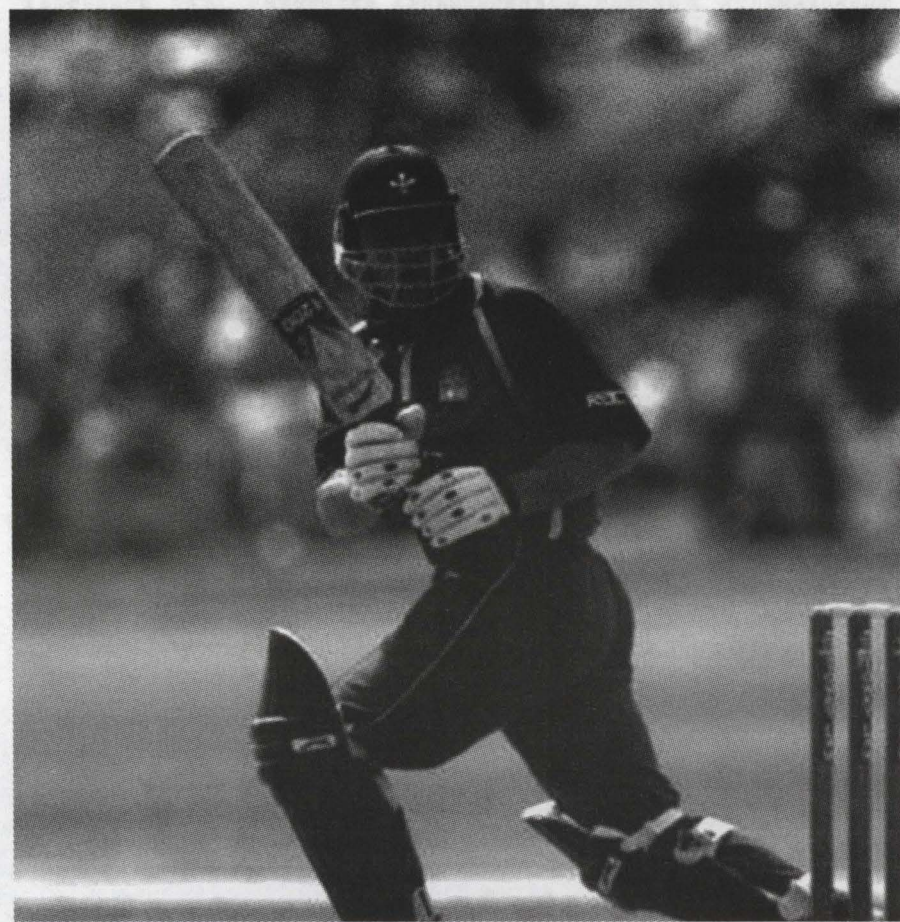
“The poses are not what yoga really is. Yoga is how you do the poses, how you do the breathing. You need a mindful attitude, to be able to listen to your body—not to compete with yourself or others. Students would definitely benefit from yoga, for yoga is about keeping sane, which is helpful in our driven culture. Yoga is a way to concentrate and focus—to reconnect with that quiet place inside.”

Green emphasized the important thing about finding a place to practice yoga is to find a place and an instructor that fits you, the person looking for yoga. It’s important to talk to the teacher or the person running the place to get a sense of what will fit for you, depending on what your goals are.



Sports Down Under

Darren Paterson, OP Contributor



Oh baby! It started today! You know, I’m well aware that about a month or so ago, I was dutifully trashing Aussie sports, but I’ve been watching the Ashes cricket series between Australia and England and I’ve sort of gotten hooked.

For those of you unfamiliar with the series, here’s a very abridged run-down. It’s a five-match series in which each match takes five days. The way it works is that in 1882, the English and Australians were set to play a match against each other. The English, not wanting to be embarrassed by a team from the colonies, put together a dream-team to assure their victory. Long story short, the English lost and a newspaper published an obituary that read:

In Affectionate Remembrance of
English Cricket Which Died At The
Oval on 29th August 1882
Deeply lamented by a large circle of
sorrowing friends and acquaintances
R.I.P.

NB: The body will be cremated, and
the ashes taken to Australia.

Thus, the match up would forever be known as the Ashes. Then, in 1883, a

velvet bag was bought to hold the “ashes” of English cricket and a silver urn was purchased, in which was placed the ashes of a cricket stump.

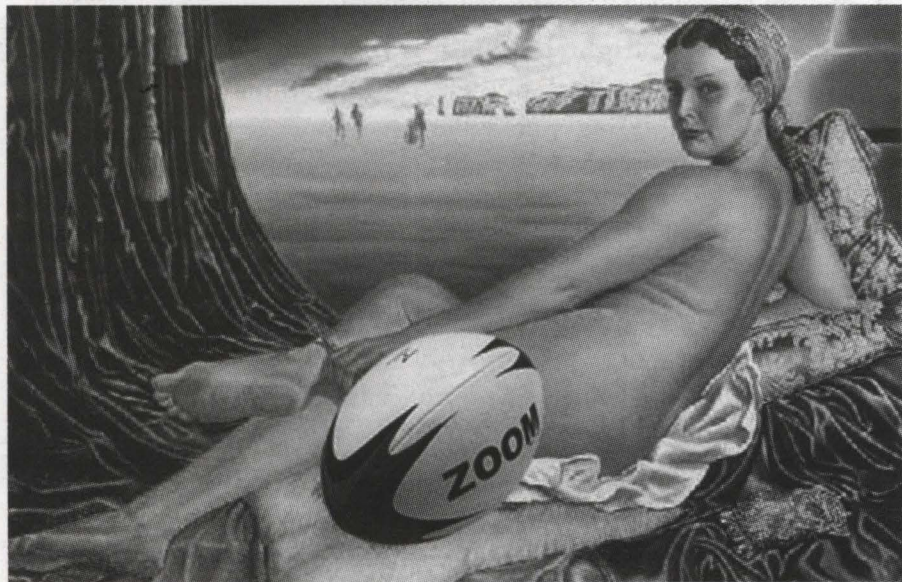
The reason why I am now so into this series is because they started the fifth match today and England, who has not won in 18 years, is leading the series with two wins, one loss, and one tie. That’s 18 years that the cocky Aussies have been gloating about their sports superiority. And it’s all about to come to a crashing halt. All England needs to do is win or draw one more match and they’ll take the Ashes back.

I’ve been watching this series since the first match (the only one the Aussies won) and it’s been absolutely riveting. The English have been sticking it to them and I’ve loved it. It’s been absolutely fabulous to see the underdog win as England has, and I can’t wait to find out if they can pull it off. Sure it’s a slow sport, and sure, I’ll have to wait five days to find out if they win, but damned if it hasn’t captured my excitement.

Whatever Happened to Selling Candy Bars?

The infamous "Rugby Girls" tell their side

By Emily Shepard, The Argosy (Mount Allison University)



SACKVILLE, NB-(CUP) What's the best way to raise money for your sport and a good cause? According to Mount Allison University's women's rugby team, it's to get naked. The team released a monthly calendar in mid-December, 2004 featuring nude photos of various players posing with a rugby ball. Two dollars from each sale is to be donated to breast cancer research.

The team identifies Cate Storey, who initially presented the idea to the players, as the pioneer of the calendar. After some coaxing, and an explanation of the merits of the project, the team became very enthusiastic. According to Emily Baadsvik, Ms April, "It's not an unusual

thing, rugby teams getting naked." She cited the French national team, among others, as an example of this trend.

The women almost unanimously call the calendar "tasteful," and are overwhelmingly proud of the final product. Lindsay Hilton, Ms September, referred to the calendar as "portraying women in sport" and "showcasing female bodies." Caitlin MacLachlan, Ms July, called it a "very artistic portrayal of women in sports, athleticism, and self-confidence in bodies." Jenn Heckman, who did not pose for the calendar, called it "an initiative to celebrate being a woman."

Zoe Lavender, Ms November, commented about the calendar, "We are, as

athletes, proud of our bodies and the work we put into them, so we definitely wanted that to come out in the pictures."

Many of the players were nervous at the idea of a nude photo shoot. However, according to MacLachlan, "You got comfortable after a few minutes. It was actually kind of fun by the end of it." Baadsvik, who was the first to have her photo taken, said about the photo shoot, "You realize that you're naked and you're with a girl, and it doesn't really matter because she's seen it all before."

Heckman called the calendar an "interesting initiative to come out of a small place" like Mount Allison. She speculated that the calendar was more collective and effective because of this, as students are more familiar with one another. She joked about how students might react to seeing the photos, saying, "Oh, that girl sits next to me in the library. Oh, she's naked."

Both photographer Siobhan Wiggans and a committee of players screened all photos to ensure that they were neither gratuitous nor offensive.

Wiggans invested a huge amount of time and energy into producing the photos for the project. "It was difficult to envision the final product," she said when asked about her initial reaction to the project. "I didn't want the work to be clichéd. I knew it would take a course

of its own and I was confident it would work out."

Although Wiggans had never taken nude photos before, MacLachlan called her "very professional and very laid-back." Wiggans, however, said, "I think I was more nervous than the girls about taking the pictures. The night before I couldn't sleep; I was worried about lighting and poses. I immediately relaxed when I started taking the photographs. It was pretty much like any other shoot but with the clothes off."

The calendar has received overwhelming publicity, and members of the team have been interviewed by *Global*, *Eastlink Magazine*, CTV, the *Times and Transcript*, the *Chronicle Herald*, *Sackville Tribune*, and CBC Radio. The players are generally optimistic about this coverage, which has boosted sales and thus increased the amount that can be donated to breast cancer research. "Everyone's doing (the calendar) justice," said Hilton, who added that the amount of coverage was unexpected.

Aside from the media, many players have had to deal with reactions from friends and family. Several players commented that their relatives were initially shocked, and gradually warmed up to the idea. Lavender commented: "Even my grandmother is in on it; she's been selling calendars for me out in BC."

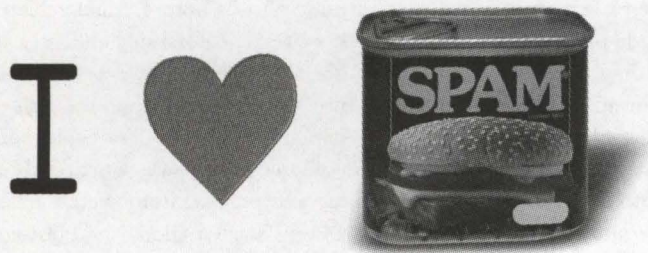
Sporty Tip of the Month

Mark says, "Don't listen to your doctors, they always lie to "make sure" you're healthy enough to play. If they say not to play sports with the cast on your ankle, they're just being over-cautious. If they say to leave the cast on for six weeks, they really mean four. And if they tell you that you've ruined the healing process and need a new cast because your ankle's still broken, it's just a cash-grab."

Send your sporty tip of the week to othereditor@yahoo.ca and remember, doctors aren't better than us, they just have nicer cars.



I heart Spam



FROM EDWARD BINDA
ABIDJAN
COTE D IVOIRE

Dear Freind,

I am Mr Edward Binda, the only son of late Chief and Mrs K.K Binda. My father was a very wealthy cocoa merchant in Abidjan, the economic capital of Ivory Coast, my father was poisoned to death by his business associates in one of their outings on a business trip. My mother died when I was a baby and since then, my father took me so special. Before the death of my father in 2003 in a private hospital here in Abidjan, he secretly called me on his bedside and told me that he has the sum of Eighteen Million, Five Hundred Thousand US dollars (US\$18,500,000) left in a fixed/ suspense account in one of the prime banks here in Abidjan waiting until i find a God fearing person to help me .

I want to transfer this money and use it for investment purpose such as real estate management or hotel management. I am honourably seeking your assistance in the following ways:

- 1) To serve as a guardian of this fund since I am only 20 years old
- 2) To make arrangement for me to come over to your country to further my education and to secure a resident permit for me in your country. I am willing to offer you 15% of the total sum as compensation for your effort/input after the successful transfer of this fund into your nominated account overseas and 5% for expenses.

Best Regards

EDWARD EMAIL

edwardbinda@walla.com

TEL 0022507436373

Dearest and most beloved Edward,
Right off the bat, let me tell you how honoured I am to be your "freind," even though we've never met. I feel your pain, in that my mother died just days after I was conceived. She was eaten by a mythical beast called a "Skinless Mallard," whose frightening gait is matched only by its wicked demeanor. With one eye red, the other distinctively green, this hell-fowl pecked at my poor Mom until she died, right in front of God and everything. My father also "took me so special" when I was young, just like you. But my therapist and lawyers say I can't get into the details of that at this time.

I'm so glad we found each other Edward. It just so happens that I think I can provide you with my services. I am an editor, and judging from this poorly crafted email, you need an editor. Trust me on this Edward. You come off sounding silly in your letter, especially in the final sentence of the first paragraph when you say, "Before the death of my father in 2003 in a private hospital here in Abidjan, he secretly called me on his bedside and told me that he has the sum of Eighteen Million, Five Hundred Thousand US dollars (US\$18,500,000) left in a fixed/ suspense account in one of the prime banks here in Abidjan waiting until i find a God fearing person to help me :"

That's a pretty shitty sentence, Edward. I don't even know how to begin telling you about all the errors, tense problems, and grammatical mistakes that sentence includes. I'd need the fucking Rosetta Stone to figure out what the hell you're trying to say. That sentence makes me not want to be your "freind" anymore. It's pissing me off just thinking about it.

But since we're still technically friends, I'm going to give you my "friend rate" of \$4,872 per hour for my services. I estimate that your email will take me around 3,797 hours to edit, give or take an hour. So, you basically owe me \$18,498,984. I expect payment by Tuesday. Thanks Edward.

Best,
Colin Miley

Last Call

Amanda Aikman, OP Columnist



Hey, guys. Remember me? I've been demoted from the first page to the last page, but that's cool. I like it back here. For one thing, I get to hang out next to the Sports section. And although I've never much gone in for the sporty type, it's a nice change of pace from my former neighbour, the News section. The News section was so uppity—always wanting to talk politics and current events. Blech. The Sports section, on the other hand,

likes to drink domestic beer and beat people up for no apparent reason. It's way more fun.

So, what, exactly am I doing back here? Excellent question. You see, that bastard Colin Miley tried to get rid of me—throwing my prized possessions into the street and laughing as I pressed my face up to the window begging for spare change, scraps of food, or at least some copy to edit. But I don't give up that easily. No sir. Why should I spend my time looking for bonafide employment in the real world when I could be writing a newspaper column for a college that I no longer attend? And writing it for free, I might add. Why indeed. So here I am. Clinging on to the Other Press with both hands. Take that, Miley.

Anyhoo, since I am no longer bound by the constraints of the editor's letter, I figured I'd take this opportunity to do what I'm really good at. Telling strangers how to live their lives.

Yup, that's right. You need advice; you've come to the right place. True, I'm not a trained therapist, my life experiences are extremely limited, and I have a tendency to judge people—but that doesn't mean I'm not the perfect person to advise you on all your important life decisions and problems. Especially the dirty ones.

So c'mon, people. I wanna know what ails ya. You see, when your life is as perfect as mine, you need to occasionally immerse yourself in the misery of others in order to "keep it real." Or at least to reinforce the fact that your life is so much more awesome than those who are less fortunate than you.

Boy trouble? Girl trouble? Both? Bring it—the juicier the better. Can't decide what type of handbag works best with your new fall ensembles? Leave it to me—I'll hook you up.

Wondering how many tequila shots it takes before you start seeing sombrero-wearing unicorns doing the Macarena? Believe me—you've come to the right place. Whatever your problem, I promise to respond with the sensitivity and professionalism you have come to expect from the Other Press. No, just kidding, I'll be nice. So fire up your computers and spill your guts. But not directly onto your computers—that shit can be hell to clean out of your keyboard, trust me.

The answer to your prayers, or at least your emails, awaits at: lastcall_op@yahoo.ca.

Classifieds

Submit Classifieds to [classifieds at othereditor@yahoo.ca](mailto:classifieds@othereditor@yahoo.ca)

Students advertise for free!

For free student classifieds up to 30 words, email: othereditor@yahoo.ca with your name, student number, and desired section, and put "classified" in the subject line.

Fast Cash Ads: 3 lines 3 times for \$20 (30 words max). Open rate of \$5 per line. Enquiries: call our advertising manager at 604.525.3542.

Pictures

Classified pictures are \$10 each printing. The picture size is 3.5cm x 2.5cm, black and white.

When placing an ad please remember...

All ads must be received by Thursday to be published in the following Wednesday's paper. Check your ad for errors and please call or email our offices to report any corrections. To ensure the integrity of our student newspaper, we reserve the right to revise, reclassify, edit, or refuse your ad.

For Sale

Two 128MB Memory Modules
184PIN DDR PC2100 DIMM
With original packages.
A Steal at \$45! E-Mail me at email@scottelliott.com.

1980 Honda CB650
parts, \$5 and up. Email redcoat1812@hotmail.com.

BRAND NEW BenQ DW1620 16x
DL DVD Writer with 100-spindle
16x rated media for a great price of \$130. If interested, please contact Andre at acepccanada@gmail.com.

64-bit ready Sempron
system w/ 512MB RAM, 160GB
harddrive, & 16X DVD±RW for a
great price of \$460. FREE wheel
mouse too! If interested, please contact Andre
at acepccanada@gmail.com.

I Saw You

I saw you, then I lost my glasses.
Crap.

To my old crushie girl...I've seen you walking with your daughter, smoking outside the main cafeteria, in my dreams. You got blonde hair and your mad style. You know who you is. Aww yeahhhh boyyyy!!!!

K-Diddy...sorry I called you from Seattle at 3:30am...I'm a mad man...I'd been drinking. But I love you more than all the waves in all the oceans. And I'll beat people with pillows to prove it.
The B.

Services

Tutor/Proofreader (Ph.D) \$25/hour for essays, thesis, etc. 604.837.1016 or editor888@hotmail.com.

Professional tutor, writing coach, and editor can help with English 130, 106, 112, and 109; also Business Communications, reports, letters, and résumés. Quality guaranteed. The

Writer's Touch, www.writerstouch.net
604.437.6069.

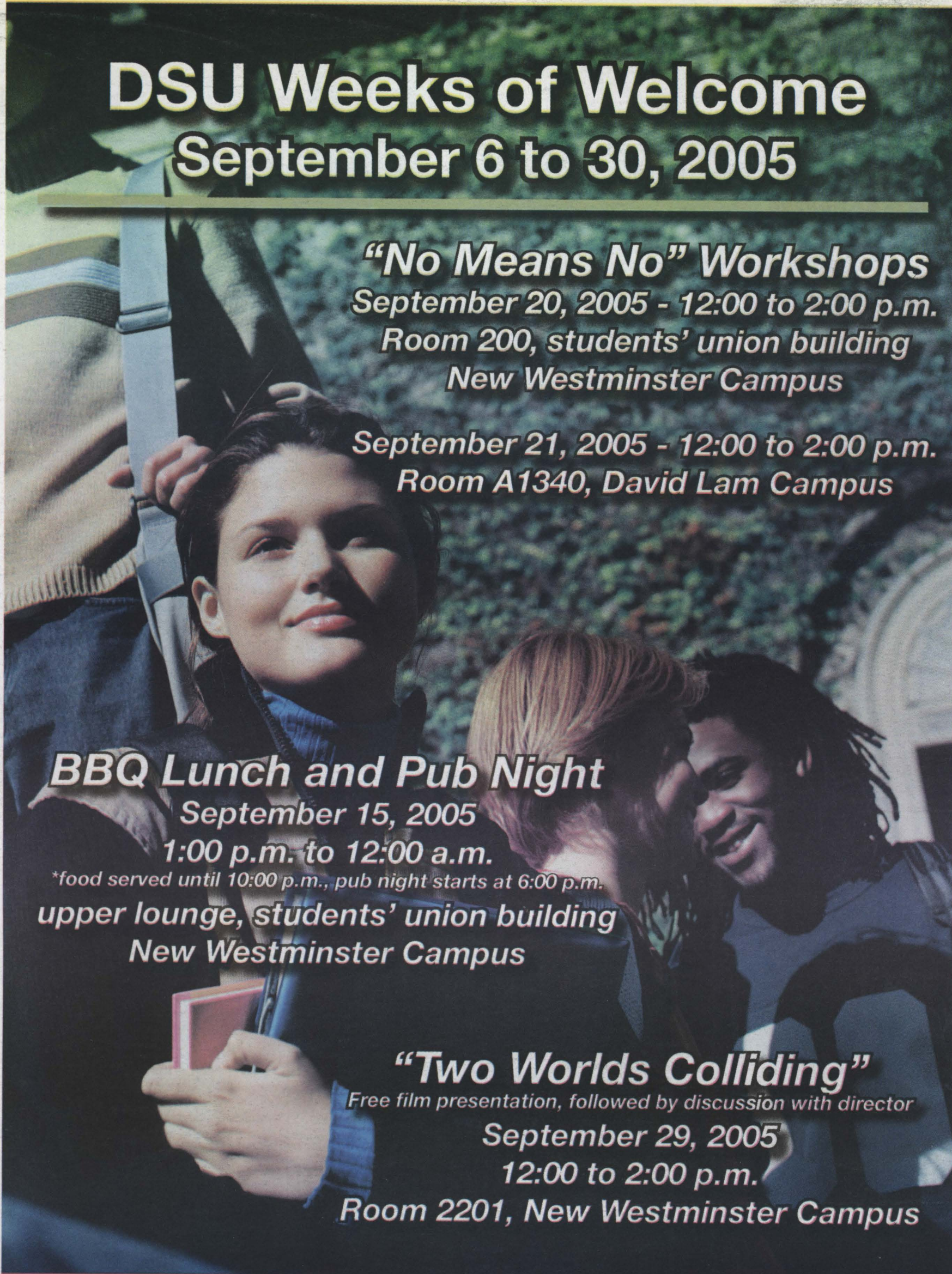
Vancouver Support group for stutterers. Every alternate Friday, 7-9pm. Room 4310, New West campus. For more info, contact Mary Rose Labandelo: 604.526.1735

Wanted

AVON REPRESENTATIVES
NEEDED!

Great Earning Potential
Start up Materials only \$20
Call Crystal at 604.537.9007
www.interavon.ca/crystal.belong

OPTions for Sexual Health (formerly Planned Parenthood) is looking for volunteers to assist on the Facts of Life Line, a toll-free, confidential, sexual health information and referral resource line. Call 604.731.4552 ext. 224, or visit www.optionsforsexualhealth.com.

A background image showing a group of students. In the foreground, a young woman with dark hair is looking upwards and to the right. Behind her, a young man with blonde hair is looking towards the camera, and another young man with dark hair is partially visible on the right. They are all wearing casual clothing. The background is slightly blurred, showing some greenery and a building.

DSU Weeks of Welcome

September 6 to 30, 2005

"No Means No" Workshops

September 20, 2005 - 12:00 to 2:00 p.m.

***Room 200, students' union building
New Westminster Campus***

September 21, 2005 - 12:00 to 2:00 p.m.

Room A1340, David Lam Campus

BBQ Lunch and Pub Night

September 15, 2005

1:00 p.m. to 12:00 a.m.

****food served until 10:00 p.m., pub night starts at 6:00 p.m.***

***upper lounge, students' union building
New Westminster Campus***

"Two Worlds Colliding"

Free film presentation, followed by discussion with director

September 29, 2005

12:00 to 2:00 p.m.

Room 2201, New Westminster Campus

Douglas Students' Union
Canadian Federation of Students Local 18